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The Week

POLITICAL campaigning has already begun in Great Britain, in anticipation of the general election of 1929. Mr. Baldwin is trying to prevent his party's going to the country on the dangerous issue of protection vs. free trade, and hopes instead that it will stick to the old reliable "menace of Bolshevism" which has served so nobly in the past. On the eve of its annual conference, the British Labor party saw some of its campaign fireworks tested. Its Executive Committee submitted for adoption by the conference a manifesto criticizing the foreign policy of the Baldwin government. This document, according to a press summary, demanded immediate, unconditional withdrawal of all foreign troops from the Rhineland; urged a drastic reduction of British military expenditure; asked that Great Britain take the lead in pushing the work of the Preparatory Commission on Limitation of Armament; recommended the abandonment of any Anglo-French agreement; favored the dropping of the reservations to the Kellogg treaty, and asked that Great Britain sign the League's general act of arbitration, conciliation and judicial settlement. The manifesto also denounced the attitude of the Baldwin government toward naval disarmament, insisting that it is to blame for the present deadlock in naval negotiations, that its policy is "reactionary," that it brought about the failure of the Geneva conference, and that the recent accord with France was "an agreement *not* to limit armaments." The Executive Committee furthermore promises that when Labor next takes the reins it will publish all agreements, and that their continuance will be put to a vote of the House of Commons.

WHILE there seems hardly any hope of a Labor majority in the next House of Commons, a Liberal-Labor coalition government is by no means an impossibility. The Liberals, small in numbers, will probably hold the balance of power as do the progressives in the United States Senate. There is not much difference in viewpoint between the Liberals and the moderate wing of Labor, and the two factions ought to be able to agree on a policy which would involve reform without revolution. Despite the emphasis laid on foreign policy, the real issues in the campaign, in Great Britain as in the United States, are likely to be domestic, with unemployment, which continues to be of the greatest seriousness, as their chief.

GOVERNOR SMITH is nowhere more at home than in debating with Republicans about the affairs of New York State. His speech at the state Democratic Convention, though ably covering many subjects, is particularly interesting from a national point of view in its treatment of the hydro-electric power issue. Development of the state's great water-power resources has been halted for ten years because the Republicans in the legislature have refused to accept the Governor's program for the building and ownership of the plants by the state, but have desired to lease the sites to private companies for a period of fifty years. In December, 1926, the Republican-controlled Water Power Commission was all ready to deliver such a lease to the Frontier Power Company, a subsidiary of the Mellon-owned Aluminum Company of America. The present Republican candidate for Governor, Albert Ottinger, was then, as Attorney General, a member of the Commission, and approved the lease. But although the Commission was in full power, it hesitated at the last moment. In order

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to prevent the action, "all I had to do," said the Governor, "was to sit in the Capitol and dare them to do it." The new Chairman of the Republican State Committee, Mr. Machold, came to that job from a lucrative position in a power combination, and before that, as Republican leader in the legislature, played the private-power interests' game. Mr. Smith says truly, "You can bid goodbye to any state development of water power in the event of Republican success." For if Mr. Ottinger sits in the Capitol, he will not "dare them to do it"; on the contrary, he will help them to take from the state an immensely profitable and important source of power.

GOVERNOR SMITH'S chance of victory may or may not have been augmented by his Western trip; it remains an open question whether the crowds which came to cheer will remain to vote. He probably strengthened himself with the progressives, especially in Wisconsin and Minnesota, and now has a good chance of carrying the former and a fair chance in the latter. In any case, however, his hope of success has certainly been augmented by his first action after returning home. By inducing Franklin D. Roosevelt to run for Governor of New York on the Democratic ticket, he has much improved the party's chance of carrying the state, which is a *sine qua non* for his own election. Mr. Roosevelt has the respect and admiration of Republicans and Democrats alike, and the great advantage, from the point of view of the pivotal up-state counties, of not being tarred with the Tammany brush. He has agreed to make the race at great personal sacrifice, in view of the stubborn malady from which he has suffered for six years past, though we are glad to say that there is no question of his ability to fill the post efficiently if he is elected.

IF the Democrats have done well in their choice of a New York gubernatorial candidate, the Republicans have been equally happy in their senatorial choice. Ambassador Houghton is one of the ablest men in the party, and his services abroad, in Berlin and London, have been of far greater value to this country than the general public realizes. While little is known of his attitude on specific national issues, his character and abilities are such as to justify the expectation that he would be a liberal and independent member of the upper chamber, and more useful there than Dr. Royal S. Copeland, his Democratic opponent in the race.

THE important, influential chain of nearly thirty Scripps-Howard newspapers finds itself in an embarrassing predicament. Last spring, long before the political conventions, the editors held a conference at which they decided that they would support Hoover, provided the Republicans nominated him. If the G. O. P. chose someone else, and the Democrats selected Smith, they would support Smith. In accordance with this pledge, the papers since June have been urging their readers to vote for Hoover. It is plain, however, that they are now under some constraint in doing so. The Scripps-Howard papers agree with Smith on water power, and disagree with Hoover, in so far as the latter's attitude is clear enough to let anyone approve or disapprove his stand. They agree with Smith on Republican corruption, and they are too good realists not to part company with Mr. Hoover when he calls prohibition "a noble experiment." In short, as the campaign develops, these strongly progressive editors find themselves backing what most of their readers must certainly regard as the wrong horse. In this juncture they have developed a theory that Mr. Hoover is only pretending to be, as H. L. Mencken called him, "just a fat Coolidge," out of excessive deference to the chief in whose Cabinet he has been for so long. They are calling on him to lay aside this exaggerated loyalty and politeness and strike out on his own lines—to be, in short, the Hoover they thought him. This is one present way out of their plight, certainly; but if Mr. Hoover continues to disappoint them, say, up to October 30, what will they do? Will they then confess that they were mistaken, and come out for Smith?

IT IS rumored on good authority that Republican chieftains, aware of the depressing effect upon Republican majorities of low prices for grain, have been consulting with large wheat traders about the possibility of boosting the price of wheat until the election is over. Both Canadian and American crops have so far been superabundant, while the world demand has not been larger than usual, and the result is a sagging of prices below what is, for many farmers, the cost of production. The Secretary of Agriculture has been endeavoring to check the drop of prices by advising farmers to hold their grain for better prices. But the visible supply is now larger than ever before at this time of year; market receipts are greater than in previous years, and foreign demand is less. It is reported that the country elevators are full to overflowing, and that Canada cannot possibly store enough of her crop to keep the market from being flooded. In these conditions, speculators are naturally hesitant to start a bull movement. Any increase of price might attract a flood of grain which could be absorbed only by munificent financing. And even if the price were raised for a few weeks, somebody would have to hold the bag after the political emergency had passed and the price sought its economic level again. It will be interesting to watch the behavior of the wheat market, in view of this situation. We doubt whether the politicians can possibly have their way with it, unless a last-moment stroke of good luck in the form of severe frosts or other such natural disaster should give prices a fillip.

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IF THE support of the National Woman's party for Mr. Hoover is well advised from its own point of view, it furnishes a strong additional reason why progressives should vote for Smith. When Miss Mabel Vernon, National Secretary of the party, states that "Governor Smith is opposed to equal rights for women in industry, and as Governor of New York has actively sponsored laws which handicap women in earning their livelihood," what she means is that Governor Smith has supported the enactment of laws limiting weekly working hours and night work for women, and has opposed the repeal of such laws. Women's trade unions, social workers and social scientists are virtually a unit in supporting such laws, for the simple reason that they prevent certain indefensible forms of exploitation of the labor of women, who are less well organized than men, and thus less capable of protecting themselves against deleterious practices in industry. If women should gain the theoretical right to work for hours of any length and at any time, they would undoubtedly lose the practical right to reasonable working conditions. Nor is there any reliable evidence that such laws actually do handicap many women in earning their livelihood. An intelligent concern for equal rights in this particular would exert itself in behalf of constitutional changes such that men would receive equal legal protection. If Mr. Hoover is any less concerned about this than Governor Smith, he is thereby, in our opinion, less qualified for public office.

IT WAS a foregone conclusion that the subject of stock-market inflation and the control of credit would come up at the convention of the American Bankers' Association. The speech of Louis T. McFadden, Chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency of the House of Representatives, was a significant one. He admits that the low rediscount rates of the Federal Reserve Banks last year helped to start the bull market, but defends these rates on the ground that they were necessary to facilitate the transfer of gold to Europe and especially to England; for the shortage of reserves in other capitals and the plethora of gold here was not a healthy situation for anyone. He further admits that the attempts of the Federal Reserve authorities, once the international redistribution of gold was accomplished, to hold speculative credit in check, have failed. But this attempt was a necessary and sound banking policy, because the Reserve Banks must protect their reserves and keep their credit liquid in order to be ready to meet possible emergencies. The question is, What can be done to strengthen the hands of the central banks? —and this means, of course, principally the New York Federal Reserve Bank, since it is the center of our money market. Should further legislation centralize control of those "outside" loans which now swell the total of call loans? Unless some means of dealing with them is devised, stock-market inflation seems likely to remain outside the realm of banking policy, and hence a real danger.

THE widespread expectation of stock-market bulls that the credit stringency is likely to be relieved in the near future by large imports from gold from abroad is without foundation, in the view of Dr. B. M. Anderson, Jr., economist of the Chase National Bank. It is true that our money rates are now higher than many of those abroad, and that the rate of sterling exchange is now near the gold-import point. But Dr. Anderson points out that German interest rates are high, Germany has adopted the policy of accumulating gold, and that France and Italy will both wish to protect their gold stock from depletion and are in a position to do so because they have accumulated large amounts of dollar exchange which they can sell in order to keep their rates of exchange up. England might lose some gold to us, but before she had sent us enough greatly to affect the efficiency of our reserves, she would have seriously depleted her own, which are none too adequate. This would promptly affect her interest rates and check the movement. In anticipation of such a rise in rates, which the British fear on account of its probable effect on their industrial activity, they will do everything possible to keep their gold. Virtually the whole reserve of the Bank of England held against its deposit liabilities would be lost if the bank sent us enough gold to cover the autumn increase in our currency requirements. The promoters of indefinite increase in stock-market values, financed by unlimited extensions of credit, need not look to Dr. Anderson for comfort.

Al Smith and Tammany Hall

AMERICAN citizens without a strong partisan bias who have decided against Al Smith can easily find reasons for their decision. The majority of them will justify their negative vote by his wetness or by his religious allegiance. But among readers of the New Republic, the popular objection to him seems to be based less on his Catholicism or his opposition to prohibition than on his Tammany origin and associations. Some of them are particularly skeptical of the claim of the New Republic that Governor Smith, although a member of Tammany Hall, may be able and willing, if elected, to transform for the better the Democratic party. One of them, Mr. W. H. Eastman of San Francisco, protests in the name of "intelligence and honesty" that the New Republic must either be hopelessly gullible or something worse. He asks why, if Al Smith is proposed as a possible reformer of the Democratic party, he has not already reformed Tammany. According to this correspondent, he will "countenance corruption" in the national government just as he has in the government of New York City.

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So far as the more obvious part of this criticism is concerned, there is a complete answer. Al Smith has never, except incidentally, been connected with the government of New York City. He has been occupied with the government of New York State. For eight years he has held the office of Governor; and during those years he not only has not "countenanced" corruption within his own area of political responsibility, but he has infused honesty and efficiency into the state administration and social ideals and public spirit into the legislative policy of the state. The New York World is 100 percent correct in stating that "Tammany has not controlled Governor Smith's legislative policy. The great measures of his legislative policy have made for the reorganization of the state government along the lines laid down by Republicans like Mr. Root, Mr. Hughes and Mr. Stimson. The whole tendency of that reorganization has been to destroy invisible government. . . . Neither has Tammany controlled his administrative action. Every dollar he has spent has been passed first by Republicans. Every important appointment has been confirmed by Republicans. No appointment has failed of confirmation. No veto has been overridden. The Republicans have not even charged any scandals against his administration." His record in this respect is so immaculate that in the absence of new evidence any challenge of it must be prompted by ignorance, prejudice or sheer malice.

It remains true, nevertheless, that Governor Smith is a political product of Tammany Hall. For many years he was a Tammany agent at Albany. During that period and later he has never wavered in his loyalty to the Wigwam. Not only has he never sought to reform it, but he has connived at a government in New York City according to methods which have been much more easy-going, inefficient, favoritist, and subject to corruption than the government for which he has been personally responsible at Albany. This is a fact of which an independent voter should take full account. No doubt all politicians who coöperate with party organizations are open to criticism on this score by independent or socialist voters. Parties are organized and operated to win and to exercise political power, and to that end their leaders are frequently obliged to assume partial responsibility for behavior on the part of their party colleagues which in itself may be indefensible and which they would have liked to change. Socialists, independents, purists, and members of hopelessly minor parties can criticize "regular" politicians for their complicity in these doubtful practices with some force, but they should remember one mitigating condition. If they themselves exercised political power in a democracy by means of an organized party, they would act in somewhat the same way or injure their party as an organ of government. In dealing with the sins and errors of their associates, they would be forced in the interest of party welfare to moderate their zeal for purity and reform. It is only fair to add in Al Smith's case that, since he has been one of the leaders of Tammany Hall, he has not served as the silent accomplice of any corruption so flagrant and offensive as that which Herbert Hoover overlooked, as the colleague in the late Mr. Harding's Cabinet of Messrs. Fall and Daugherty.

If we were obliged, however, to content ourselves with apologies of this kind for Al Smith's connection with Tammany Hall, the New Republic would not be supporting him for the presidency. In order to account for him we must be able to explain why his Tammany origin and education have not deterred him from distinguishing himself so sharply from his Tammany associates. He managed to educate himself for a wholly individual career. It does not require exceptional independence and courage for a man like Theodore Roosevelt, who was born into a position of economic safety and who enjoyed every advantage of education and social prestige, to go into politics as a Republican and play the part of the would-be reformer of his own party. It is not difficult for an editor of the New Republic to sit at a desk, equipped with pen, ink and white paper, and explain how impeccably he would operate a political machine if he were allowed to become its engineer. But Al Smith started as one of the crew of a machine which was engaged in manufacturing votes. He had no money, no position and no career outside of politics, and no future as a politician, except as a Tammany representative. If he had not done what he was told, he would not have lasted longer than one term of the legislature. He was necessarily in the beginning a political worm, and politicians who begin by being worms either continue to be worms or at best grow to be boa-constrictors. The unique quality of Al Smith is that, while he began with no mind, no will and no power of his own, he has gradually earned as the result of an education in Tammany politics enough mind, will and power to occupy a position of unique independence. As a member of the legislature he could not disregard the orders of his Tammany superiors. But as Governor he has not allowed Tammany to give orders. By some magic he has, although always nominally a loyal member of Tammany Hall, set up a political kingdom of his own in which Tammany chiefs counted only as retainers. He is more his own master as a Tammany Governor who can give orders to an obedient organization then he would have been as an independent or a Republican Governor who could not give orders to anybody and be sure to have them obeyed. Outside of his own kingdom he is not, of course, king. Although the Tammany chiefs will obey his orders in Albany, they have in New York City a kingdom of their own, in which he is allowed only to give advice. But it follows that they would not control him in Washington any more than they have in Albany, and he would be as powerless in Washington as he has been in Albany to convert the

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Tammany local machine into a good-government club.

Al Smith is, then, a man of exceptional character and intelligence who learned out of his experience in politics how essential expert and responsible administration is to good government and who by personal force and ability imposed his own will on his Tammany associates within the area of his own authority. This explanation, however, while it is true so far as it goes, is not the whole truth. His differences from his Tammany associates do not completely account for his distinction as a political leader. Experiences and qualities which he has shared with them and lessons which he learned from them are also necessary to explain his success. If he had not been born into a partisan political society like Tammany and loyally recognized his debt, he could not have obtained his present power and position. It was his personal popularity with all sorts of people, Republican and Democratic, high and low, native-born and foreign-born, which freed him to act independently as Governor. It was his realism, his adroitness, his loyalty and his sound judgment as a politician which enabled him to perform his work as a reformer without breaking with his party. Much of this he learned as a pupil in the high school of Tammany politics, and being a New Yorker he could not have learned it anywhere else. Tammany has contributed positively to his merit as a politician. His ability to extract so much that was formative from his Tammany origin and association, while outgrowing and discarding so much that was spurious, is the secret of his efficiency and distinction as a politician.

Tammany could not have survived so many vicissitudes and come back after so many damaging exposures, unless it had tapped abundant springs of political vitality. Neither does it require any very recondite knowledge of politics to name these springs and to locate them. Tammany is, as a matter of fact, the true inheritor, in the conditions of modern American city life, of the Jacksonian Democratic tradition. The original Jacksonian Democratic party was an organization of the mass of the American people to control local and national elections and in this way to keep political power out of the hands of the "upper" classes. It initiated government in the United States by means of organized responsible parties, and in the interest of its own domination it originated those practices which have given professional politics in this country such a bad name. Tammany was in the beginning the local Jacksonian Democratic political club, which in a city like New York assumed special characteristics. Throughout the rural districts the members of the Jacksonian Democratic party were self-reliant, class-conscious, pioneer farmers who wished to exclude the wealthier and more educated urban classes from political power, but who themselves expected to conquer wealth and power by their own efforts. On the other hand, the members of their affiliated group in New York were, after the volume of immigration increased, recruited from the foreign-born, in the beginning usually Irish, who in many cases were unable to lift themselves up by their own boot-straps. They were poor and somewhat lonely strangers. They craved sympathetic treatment and often needed paternal care. Neither the state nor their wealthier, educated and class-bound fellow citizens did anything to welcome them and to make them feel at home. On the contrary they were treated with disdain, and they came to resent it. Tammany took advantage of their grievance. It organized these people politically for the sake of controlling the municipal government. It succeeded, and the government which it furnished was often shamelessly corrupt. But its corruption was only an incidental cause of its endurance. It successfully exploited the art of politics in a self-governing community, the majority of whose voters had been made to feel inferior. It cultivated free communication and genuine companionship between this popular majority and the leaders of the organization. Within the limits of its own membership it became a genuinely equalitarian political society. In spite of its favoritism and corruption, it established and operated a realistic combination of organized political power with democratic processes and sympathies.

This combination is now incarnated in Al Smith as a political leader. He has emancipated himself from the failings of Tammany, but not from its sources of vitality. That is why he may be the man to revive the Democracy as an aggressive national anti-Republican party. He represents the restless element in the American people, the foreign-born residents of the larger cities who are more flexible, tolerant and free-moving than the older American stock in the small towns. He has the opportunity of effecting an alliance between them and the farmers, who as an economic class have, since the Civil War, been alienated from the Democracy. His experience as a Tammany politician, united as it is with his achieved freedom from Tammany dictation, has prepared him to experiment and to find out whether the Democratic party can still be converted into an aggressive antagonist of the Republican party. He is above all a professional in democratic politics, a political expert, who seeks to achieve possible results by realistic methods. As such he is essentially a party man, a Democrat and a popular favorite. But if he is to succeed as a national Democrat, he must have a living party behind him which symbolizes to the American people something different from Republicanism. He is seeking to make the Democratic party mean something different. His program with respect to prohibition, agricultural relief, hydro-electric power and labor is sharply contrasted with the Republican program. It implies a much more thorough-going protest against the government by and for business which the Republicans embody, and a much more

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constructive and genuinely democratic alternative thereto than he himself has declared or can afford to declare during the campaign. He cannot insist on this program without alienating unprogressive elements in the Democratic party and recruiting the help of many independents and Republicans. Such is the only way in which the Democratic party can be renewed, and Al Smith is the one existing leader who can tread it.

Keeping Religion in the Campaign

WHEN Mrs. Willebrandt asked for the support of her party in the presidential election by the Methodists in Ohio, Mr. Hoover said nothing, although many appeals were made to him to keep religion out of the campaign. Now that a member of the Republican committee in Virginia has made a more barefaced argument for hostility to Governor Smith on account of his Catholicism, however, Mr. Hoover has rebuked her, saying that he did not wish religious issues to enter the campaign, and stating that "neither I nor the Republican party wants support on that basis."

It is significant, however, that the same copies of the papers which commented upon this news also printed a statement by Colonel Horace A. Mann, in charge of the Republican campaign in the South, to the effect that the revolt against Smith was such in that section that Hoover was likely to receive a majority of the electoral votes of the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee and Kentucky. Whatever chance the Republicans may have in these states—a chance which their managers have been assiduously cultivating—will be due, every candid observer will admit, largely to anti-Catholic prejudice. It is true that the prohibition issue plays a part, as does the dislike of Tammany; yet religion is decidedly not out of the campaign in the South. Nor will it fail to be an important factor in most other sections of the country. Mr. Hoover says he does not want religion in the campaign; the question is, what is he doing to get it out? By virtue of what kind of support does he seek election?

At this writing there are not many more than thirty days preceding the election. Mr. Hoover has made exactly one speech of importance since his acceptance of the nomination. He has not answered a single one of the challenges offered him by Governor Smith. He has not outlined a single issue more concretely than in his speech of acceptance—a document dealing largely in broad generalities. We do not know with any degree of exactness what he proposes to do about water power, Boulder Dam, Muscle Shoals, the injunction in labor disputes, unemployment, the tariff or any other of the important issues of the campaign. Why should anyone vote for Mr. Hoover? He may be riding on the record of the Coolidge administration, seeking election as the candidate of a party which asserts itself to be the special guardian of prosperity and economy. This seems to us a flimsy and unsubstantial appeal to any intelligent voter. It has, of course, an attraction to many in the North, but nobody would credit it with carrying for him any of the Southern states. He may be sitting back in the expectation that the support of prohibition will elect him. Or he may be counting upon his reputation as an expert—an expert, apparently, who does not have to take the trouble to let the public know to what conclusions his expertness leads him on most problems. Nevertheless, he has not developed any issue which would entitle him to positive support. Whatever he says and whatever he wishes, as long as he conducts his campaign without appeal to reason, it is bound to be largely waged by appeal to prejudice.

We do not doubt for a moment Mr. Hoover's sincerity in his dislike of backstairs gossip and religious antagonism. But he can never exorcise it by mere negative statements. The only way to subordinate it is to make the people see the importance of other things. As long as Hoover refuses to join the issues with his opponent, as long as he declines to say what he will do if elected, he tacitly allows those who wish to capitalize personal and religious prejudice to run away with his campaign. He will owe his election, if he is elected, largely to the kind of support which he rejects.

For Mr. Hoover to take the risk of argument about genuine economic and political issues would be, we admit, bad political strategy for a nominee of the Republicans against even a non-Catholic. As the candidate of the majority party, his cue is to stand pat, to assume that those who voted for his predecessor will choose him, to avoid any danger of offending any faction. If, in the last few weeks of the campaign, it appears that the aggressive assault of his opponent is making headway, a final retort may be ventured. These tactics, while likely to be successful, are not, to be sure, educational or appropriate to a candidate who takes representative government seriously. Yet Mr. Hoover has been playing very practical politics ever since he began to seek the nomination, and in this respect he has probably allowed the advice of the political strategists to second his own temperamental inclination against public speaking. This campaign, however, has developed in such a way as to provide a unique challenge to a Republican candidate pursuing this course. The acid test of his sincerity in abjuring the prejudiced vote will be found in his willingness to strike fire on the real issues. Will he aid Governor Smith to dramatize them by answering his arguments, and advancing concrete positions of his own? Will he adopt the positive course as the real remedy for the miasmas of religious bitterness? If he does not, he cannot escape the odium of the undesirable support which may, in the final returns, be found to have

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elected him. If he does not, the chief practical result of this election may be to establish the political dogma that a Catholic, no matter what his other qualifications, and no matter what the policies of his opponent, cannot be elected President of the United States.

How to Reach a Naval Agreement

THE reply of the State Department to the communication from the British Foreign Office with respect to the Anglo-French naval understanding is explicit, but it is less tart and uncompromising than the recent despatches from Washington have foreshadowed. Secretary Kellogg properly refuses to consider the limitation of naval armaments, proposed by Paris and London, acceptable by the government of the United States. The Anglo-French understanding provided for the defense by water of French colonial interests and for the protection of British maritime trade; but as a basis for a general limitation by agreement of the increase of naval armaments it was flagrantly one-sided. It disregarded the special interests of the United States so far as they clashed with the special interests of the British Empire or of the French Republic. We are at a loss to understand how the French and British governments expected an understanding on their part along the proposed lines to promote the success of the difficult task of the Preparatory Commission, except by a fatal limitation of its scope or, perhaps, by the ultimate exclusion from the negotiations of the United States. On the other hand, the reply of the United States not only keeps the door open for further bargaining, but it suggests possible bases for negotiations which, while they may not be acceptable to the British Admiralty, do make some allowance for the special interests of Great Britain and France.

Any negotiation which the Anglo-French agreement would start would be, however, in substance and partly in detail, another example of the dubious kind of international bargaining which took place at Geneva in the summer of 1927. It is wholly improbable that any effective limitation of naval armaments or any satisfactory general agreement will come of it. It was carried on nominally by politicians, but actually by experts, who believe national navies to be indispensable and who would like to see them retained and, if possible, increased. These experts assume the validity of national policies which require navies to make them effective. Any agreement which they may reach for the limitation of naval armaments will be grudging and will at best take the form of an unstable compromise among essentially conflicting interests and proposals. Of course the governments which put forward these claims will justify them as necessary to national security. The French demand an unlimited number of small submarines in order to protect their coast-line and their communications with Africa. The British demand an almost unlimited number of small cruisers for the protection of their trade routes. We Americans demand a number of cruisers large and fast enough to keep the high seas without being dependent on widely distributed bases and coaling stations. But the French ignore the grave danger which an unlimited number of submarines would create for British merchant ships which were trying to reach the Channel ports. The British ignore the fact that a fleet of small cruisers, sufficient to protect their trade and not exposed to attack by larger and faster cruisers, would be able to exterminate the overseas commerce of the United States and injure an essential part of its domestic commerce. The American government, on the other hand, is apparently oblivious of the serious and perhaps fatal damage which a preponderant fleet of 10,000-ton cruisers with a large steaming radius and armed with eight-inch guns could inflict on a numerically larger fleet of small cruisers and on the necessary food supply of Great Britain. In each instance the weapons which the naval experts justify as the instruments of a policy of defense are capable of being used against other nations for offensive purposes and, consequently, as instruments of political domination.

If there is to be any profitable discussion of the limitation of naval armaments, it should be turned over to statesmen who take account of conflicts of national policy and interest rather than to admirals and naval engineers whose special training assumes the desirability of naval armaments and of the policies which such armaments are intended to realize. France, Great Britain and the United States, among others, have recently signed a treaty whereby they have renounced war as an agency of national policy. Yet they are carrying on a discussion about naval armaments which, while ostensibly seeking their limitation, presupposes the validity of national policies which require wars and national navies to make them prevail. As we have seen, they take it for granted that they are preparing only for defensive wars, which the Kellogg treaties explicitly permit, but if it is sometimes difficult to distinguish a defensive from an offensive armament in wars on land, it is still more difficult to distinguish them at sea. The Great War was fought on French and Russian soil, and the Germans were technically the aggressive invaders, but the Allied victory, when it came, was used to impose on Germany essentially offensive war aims which the Germans would have been justified in resisting to the bitter end. And the preponderant British fleet, while rationalized as essential to the existence of the British people, has also exercised the power of life and death over neutral and belligerent commerce on the high seas, and the British have exerted this power (first for the maintenance and

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then for the destruction of the balance of military power on the European continent) which is only inferentially connected with the safety of the British Empire.

The Washington Treaty did, it is true, seek to distinguish between offensive and defensive naval armaments, and so far as capital ships are concerned, it succeeded. The existing British, American and Japanese fleets are large enough to defend their own soils from invasion and their ports from an effective local blockade. They are not large enough to sustain offensive military operations against their partners in naval power. Unfortunately, however, it placed no limitation on the building of cruisers, and this exemption has been disastrous. For, according to the precedents which the British navy established during the War, a belligerent with a sufficient navy may seize or regulate practically all maritime commerce in its own interest. A cruiser fleet which is supposed to patrol the high seas for defensive purposes can discipline enemy and neutral commerce to any extent that it pleases. Cruiser fleets which would be large and powerful enough to protect British or American high seas commerce would have to be sufficiently powerful to destroy the high seas trade of their enemies. The United States would, for instance, if it possessed a preponderant fleet of 10,000-ton cruisers of the modern type, dispose of an instrument of naval warfare, which could be used for offensive operations against British commerce in the interest of a domineering American policy. The British Empire also would be armed to attack the United States at a vulnerable point, provided it were permitted to build as many small cruisers as it proposes and at the same time were able to limit the numbers and the armament of an American fleet of large and more powerful cruisers. No doubt Great Britain would at present be more quickly conquered by a successful attack on its maritime commerce than would the United States, but at the rate at which it is now growing, the maritime trade of the United States will soon have become a no less essential part of its national economy. As long as such possible offensive naval armaments are legally permitted or are justified as instruments of valid national policy, the Kellogg treaties will remain an amiable pretense on the part of the government which originated them rather than an increasing and a binding reality. The only way to exclude naval armaments which may be used for aggressive purposes is the starting by the naval powers of a negotiation of a different kind—one which would seek to reconcile conflicting maritime interests of the large trading nations rather than to devise and to accept presumably adequate means of protecting them by armed ships.

An indispensable condition of any satisfactory limitation of naval armaments is the adoption by the seafaring nations of a code of maritime law to take the place of the code which the British government wrecked during the War. The high seas are, of course, international territory, and the law which prevails there should not be framed in the political interest of any one people or continent. In the event of war, the rights of neutrals and belligerents to trade on the seas and to prohibit trade should obtain exact definition. The French insistence at the Washington Conference on an unlimited license to build submarines is at bottom the answer by the French government to the right to annihilate French maritime trade which the British government claimed in the case of hostilities between them. The disagreement about programs of cruiser construction and the exemption of this class of ships from limitation under the existing treaties is derived from the natural wish and effort of the French to protect themselves. Both the American and the British cruiser programs presuppose the need of protection of high seas commerce by national navies. They are justified chiefly on that ground. Why not protect such commerce by law rather than by force? If it is not protected by international law, it is absurd to say that the United States or the British Empire has renounced war as an instrument of national policy. Yet if they are to disarm, they are entitled to protection for their maritime trade. They cannot both get such protection from preponderant navies. Neither can they get it from cruiser fleets which are not preponderant. Surely the sensible thing is to begin negotiations which will try to reach an agreement, not about the size and the armament of the fleets, but about the policy with respect to enemy and neutral commerce for which they can justly and legally be used. Senator Borah has already suggested that the American government call an international conference which will seek to frame a new code of maritime law. The present administration in its few remaining months of existence will not, of course, consider such an adventure, but it will be part of the business of its successor to reach a new naval agreement with the other powers. We confidently predict that the next President will not reach such an agreement unless he adopts Senator Borah's suggestion.

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On the Eve of Catastrophe[1]

ON or about July 24-27 Grey took a very important line in the Cabinet. He informed us of the contents of Buchanan's telegram of July 24 from Petersburg: describing Sazonoff's hopes that England would not fail to proclaim her solidarity with France and Russia; his warnings to us that the general European question was involved and England could not afford to efface herself from the problems now at issue; that she would sooner or later be dragged into war if it did break out; and, as Buchanan thought, even if England declined to join, France and Russia were determined to make a strong stand, *i. e.*, in plain language, to fight Austria and Germany.

Then Grey in his own quiet way, which is none the less impressive for being so simple, and so free from the *cassant* and over-emphatic tone that is Asquith's vice on such occasions, made a memorable pronouncement. The time had come, he said, when the Cabinet was bound to make up its mind plainly whether we were to take an active part with the two other powers of the Entente, or to stand aside in the general European question, and preserve an absolute neutrality.

We could no longer defer decision. Things were moving very rapidly. We could no longer wait on accident, and postpone. If the Cabinet was for neutrality, he did not think that he was the man to carry out such a policy. Here he ended in accents of unaffected calm and candor. The Cabinet seemed to heave a sort of sigh, and a moment or two of breathless silence fell upon us. I followed him, expressing my intense satisfaction that he had brought the inexorable position, to which circumstances had now brought us, plainly and definitely before us. It was fairer to France and everybody else, ourselves included. Though he had at least once, talking to an ambassador, drawn a distinction between diplomatic and military intervention, it was henceforth assumed that intervention meant active resort to arms. We rambled, as even the best Cabinets are apt to do, from the cogent riddle that the European Sphinx or Sphinxes had posed, into incidental points and secondary aspects. I could not, on the instant, gather with any certainty in which direction opinion was inclining. No wonder. Everybody had suddenly awakened to the startling fact that nothing less than the continued existence of the Ministry was this time—the first time—in sharp peril from differences within, and not from the House of Commons.

Later, we were pressed by the Prime Minister and Grey to examine the neutrality of Belgium and our obligations under the Treaty of 1839. But it was thrown back day after day as less urgent than France. I took down to the Cabinet the words of Lord Derby about the Luxemburg guarantee of 1867; mentioning the opposition to his language from the Duke of Argyll and others. But, perhaps quite as much my fault as that of anybody else, the discussion was thin and perfunctory. Simon contributed scarcely anything and the Lord Chancellor even less. A Cabinet usually thinks of one thing at once, and the question of Belgium was up to this date, and in truth up to the morning of August 3, when Grey had to set out his whole case in the House of Commons, secondary to the preëminent controversy of the Anglo-French Entente. One of these days Grey rather suddenly let fall his view, in the pregnant words that German policy was that of a great "European aggressor, as bad as Napoleon." "I have no German partialities," I observed, "but you do not give us evidence." Perhaps he might have cited the series of Naval Laws.

Meanwhile Harcourt had been busy in organizing opinion among his cabinet colleagues in favor of neutrality. This was meant for a counter-move to that which was being openly worked with his best dæmonic energy by Winston, with strenuous simplicity by Grey, and *sourdement* by the Lord Chancellor—the Prime Minister seeing and waiting. There was no intrigue about it either way. All was above board. Harcourt got me to his room in the House of Commons one night as I was passing along the corridor and I found Beauchamp, M'Kinnon Wood, Hobhouse, Pease, very zealous against extension of entente to alliance. They calculated to a tune of eight or nine men in the Cabinet likely to agree with us. I think I attended one other meeting of this peace group in the same place, and under the same auspices. Harcourt this week two or three times threw me little slips at the cabinet table, "That I must resign is more and more evident." One of these days I tapped Winston on the shoulder, as he took his seat next me. "Winston, we have beaten you after all." He smiled cheerfully. Well he might. *O pectora caeca!*

Lloyd George, not by design, furthered the good cause by a very remarkable piece of intelligence communicated to the Cabinet, acquired I think at the suggestion of the Prime Minister. He informed us that he had been consulting the Governor and Deputy Governor of the Bank of England, other men of light and leading in the city, also cotton men, and steel and coal men, etc., in the north of England, in Glasgow, etc., and they were all *aghast* at the bare idea of our plunging into the

[1] The following document is a memorandum written by Lord Morley between July 24 and August 4, 1914. It deals with the deliberations of the British Cabinet on the eve of the War.

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European conflict; how it would break down the whole system of credit with London as its center, how it would cut up commerce and manufacture—they told him—how it would hit labor and wages and prices, and, when the winter came, would inevitably produce violence and tumult. When I pressed this all-important prospect in a later debate, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said rather tartly that he had never said he believed it all. "In the present temper of labor," said I, "this tremendous dislocation of industrial life must be fraught with public danger. The atmosphere of war cannot be friendly to order, in a democratic system that is verging on the humor of '48." But then the wisest saws, as I have many a time found before now, count for little in the hour of practical emergency. This first-class and vital element in settling our policy received little of the attention that it well deserved; it vanished in the diplomatic hurry.

Then they were rather surprised at the stress I laid upon the Russian side of things. "Have you ever thought," I put to them, "what will happen if Russia wins? If Germany is beaten, and Austria is beaten, it is not England and France who will emerge preëminent in Europe. It will be Russia. Will that be good for Western civilization? I at least don't think so. If she says she will go to Constantinople, or boldly annex both northern and neutral zone in Persia, or insist on railways up to the Indian and Afghan frontier, who will prevent her? Germany is unpopular in England, but Russia is more unpopular still. And people will rub their eyes when they realize that Cossacks are their victorious fellow champions for Freedom, Justice, Equality of man (especially Jew man), and respect for treaties (in Persia, for instance)." They listened intently, and Lloyd George told me after that he had never thought of all this.

I think it was today I put a really strong point. Grey has more than once congratulated Europe on the existence of two great confederacies, Triple Alliance and Triple Entente, as healthily preserving the balance of power. Balance! What a beautiful euphemism for the picture of two giant groups armed to the teeth, each in mortal terror of the other, both of them passing year after year in an incurable fever of jealousy and suspicion!

The Cabinet for the first time became seriously uneasy about the danger of these foreign affairs to our own cohesion. For the very first time something of the old cleavage between the Liberal League and the faithful Campbell-Bannerman, Harcourt and myself began to be very sensibly felt. Hitherto not a whisper of the old schism of the Boer war. As I walked away with Burns after the Cabinet of the 29th, he pressed my arm and said with vehement emphasis, *"Now mind, we look to you to stand firm."* He repeated it on Friday. I was not keen in response, as to my taking any lead. We were all first alarmed on the Saturday evening. Burns himself took the lead, to good purpose, and intimated in his most downright tones that the warning to Germany not to try it on against French coasts or ships in the Channel was more than he could stand, not only because it was practically a declaration of war on sea leading inevitably to a war on land, but mainly because it was the symbol of an alliance with France with whom no such understanding had hitherto existed. This was a great improvement upon groups in private conclave. Somebody has said that egotism is sometimes furtive, sometimes frank. Burns is never furtive, whatever else may be said of him. This proceeding tonight was admirably frank, and took full effect. Runciman, with an anxious face, speaking of the Cabinet that was appointed for Sunday morning, muttered to me as we left the room, "I'm very much afraid this is going to break us up tomorrow."

Curiously enough—by way of irrelevant parenthesis—as it soon fell out, on the 29th I happened to have a party for Lord Kitchener at the United Service Club. Present, besides him, Jellicoe, Winston, Crewe, Haldane, Bryce, Knollys, Guy. Bryce was shocked at Haldane's war talk. I told him afterwards he must no longer think us a Peace Cabinet. Within ten days Kitchener was installed in my chair in the Cabinet! The only case, I should think, of an active military commander in the Cabinet, since Wellington joined the Liverpool Ministry in 1819 as Master General of the Ordnance.

Sunday, August 2.—Cabinet. Main question resumed was the language to be held by Grey to Cambon in the afternoon. Neutrality of Belgium, though Asquith pressed for attention to that topic, was secondary to the question of our neutrality in the struggle between Germany and France; and to our liability to France under the Entente. The situation now was this: Grey admitted that we were not bound by the same obligation of honor to France as bound France to Russia. He professed to stand by what he had told Cambon in his letter of 1912, that we were left perfectly free to decide whether we would assist France by armed force. We were not committed, he always said, to action in a contingency that had not yet arisen and might never arise. No immediate aggressive action was entailed upon us, unless there was action against France in the Channel or the North Sea. So much then for the point of honor arising on the French Entente.

On August 3 Grey received news that Germany would be prepared, if we would pledge ourselves to neutrality, to agree that its fleet would not attack the north coast of France. Grey replied that this was far too narrow an engagement for us. Why? And if it was too narrow, why not at least take it as a basis for widening and enlargement? Pure precipitancy! At any rate there had as yet been no word said in the Cabinet about an Expeditionary Force. But I had been too virtuous an

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attendant at the C. I. D.[1] for several years not to know that this was a settled aim in the minds of many, if not most of its members.

Harcourt assured me before discussion began, that he believed he could count on ten or eleven men against Grey's view that we had both moral obligations of honor and substantial obligations of policy in taking sides with France. After a very fair discussion Grey was authorized to give an assurance to Cambon that "if the German fleet comes into the Channel or through the North Sea to undertake hostile operations against French coasts or shipping, the British fleet will give all the protection in its power. This assurance of course subject to the policy of His Majesty's Government receiving the support of Parliament, and must not be taken as binding His Majesty's Government to take any action until the above contingency of action by the German fleet takes place." There were two lines of argument for this warning to Germany. (1) We owed it to France, in view of the Entente, and also of her value to us in the Mediterranean. (2) We could not acquiesce in Franco-German naval conflict in the narrow seas, on our doorstep so to say. This authorization, however, was not unanimous. Burns, with remarkable energy, force and grasp, insisted that this was neither more nor less than a challenge to Germany, tantamount to a declaration of war against her. He wound up with a refusal to be a party to it. Asquith took the blow a trifle too coolly, and, with a little trouble, eventually persuaded Burns to postpone his resignation until the Cabinet to be held at 6:30 in the evening. I said to Burns as we broke up at luncheon time, "I think you are mistaken in going on this particular proposal. The doorstep argument makes a warning to Germany defensible, apart from French Entente. I expect that I am certain to go out with you, but on the general policy of armed intervention, as against diplomatic energy and armed neutrality, to which Grey has *step by step* been drawing the Cabinet on." I made just as much impression on John Burns as I expected—that is, not the slightest.

The Belgian question took its place in today's discussion, but even now only a secondary place. Grey very properly asked leave to warn the German Ambassador that, unless Germany was prepared to give us a reply in the sense of the reply we had from France, it would be hard to restrain English feeling on any violation of Belgian neutrality by either combatant. This leave of course we gave him. There was a general, but vague, assent to our liabilities under the Treaty of 1839, but there was no assent to the employment of a land force, and, I think, no mention of it.

I do not recall whether it was at the morning or the afternoon Cabinet that Grey told us of his talk with Lichnowsky; I remember noting that it seemed a great pity, while "keeping our hands free," not to take advantage of the occasion for more talk and negotiation. It was worth trying at any rate, instead of this wooden *non possumus,* even though Lichnowsky's ideas or suggestions were merely personal and unauthorized by instructions.

The plain truth, as I conceive the truth to be, is this. The German line on Belgian neutrality might be met in two ways. One, we might at once make it a *casus belli;* the other, we might protest with direct energy, as the British government protested on the Russian repudiation in 1870 of the Black Sea articles of the Treaty of Paris, and push on by diplomatizing. What was the difficulty of the second course? Why, our supposed entanglement with France, and nothing else. The precipitate and peremptory blaze about Belgium was due less to indignation at the violation of a treaty, than to natural perception of the plea that it would furnish for intervention on behalf of France, for expeditionary force, and all the rest of it. Belgium was to take the place that had been taken before as pleas for war, by Morocco and Agadir.

Now for personal movements. Simon and Lloyd George drove me to lunch at Beauchamp's, and our talk was on the footing that we were all three for resignation. Simon said to me privately that he felt pretty sure of decisive influence over Lloyd George, and that he (Simon) looked to resignation as quite inevitable. Present: Lord Beauchamp, Simon, Lloyd George, Harcourt, Samuel, Pease, M'Kinnon Wood (not sure about Runciman). It wore all the look of an important gathering, but was in truth a very shallow affair. On the surface they were pretty stalwart against allowing a mistaken interpretation of entente to force us into a Russian or Central European quarrel. The general voice was loud that "Burns was right," and that we should not have passed Grey's proposed language to Cambon. They all pressed the point that the Cabinet was being rather artfully drawn on step by step to war for the benefit of France and Russia. If I, or anybody else, could only have brought home to them that the compound and mixed argument of French liability and Belgian liability must end in expeditionary force, and active part in vast and long-continued European war, the Cabinet would undoubtedly have perished that very evening, Lloyd George and Simon heading the schism. I held that the doorstep point was awkward, if we stopped there. I said that as for myself, I felt bound to go, on wider grounds. Personally my days were dwindling, I was a notorious peace-man and little-Englander, etc., my disappearance would be totally different from theirs; the future responsibilities to Asquith, to the party, to the constituencies, were quite different in their case, with their lives before them, and long issues committed to their charge. They made a loud, prompt protest, of course. Lloyd George and Simon were energetically decided at the end, as they had been at the beginning, to resist at all costs the bellicose

[1] Committee of Imperial Defense.

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inferences from the entente. Pease told us that he had been lunching with the Prime Minister, who begged him to keep the *conciliabule* to which he was going, "out of mischief," or some such good-natured phrase. Pease also argued that Grey was never quite so stiff as he seemed. His tone convinced me that the Quaker President of the Peace Society would not be over-squeamish about having a hand in Armageddon. What exactly brought Lloyd George among us, and what the passing computations for the hour inside his lively brain, I could not make out.

Two hours' rumination at the Club. Felt acutely what Mr. Gladstone had often told me, that a public man can have no graver responsibility than quitting a Cabinet on public grounds. No act for which he may be more justly called to full account. Anybody can hold and advocate unpopular opinions; but withdrawal from a Cabinet is a definite act, involving relations for good or ill with other people, and possibly affecting besides all else the whole machinery of domestic government. It concerns a man's principle and creed; it affects intimate and confidential relations with fellow workers; it concerns his party, its strength and weakness, the balance of power in its ranks and its organization. No fugitive Sabbath musing was it, either then or since, that filled my mind.

The dissolution of the Ministry was that afternoon in full view. Would even the break-up of the Ministry be less of an evil both for Liberal principles, and the prospects and power of the Liberal party, than their wholesale identification with a Cabinet committed to intervention in arms by sea and land in Central Europe and all the meshes of the continental system? It is easy to get a question into a false position. Never easier than now. The significance of the French Entente had been rather disingenuously played with, before both the Cabinet and Parliament. An entente was evidently something even more dangerous for us than an alliance. An alliance has definite covenants. An entente is vague, rests on point of honor, to be construed by accident and convenience. The Prime Minister and Grey had both of them assured the House of Commons that we had no engagements unknown to the country. Yet here we were confronted by engagements that were vast indeed, because indefinite and undefinable. The same two Ministers and others had deliberately and frequently, in reply to anxious protests from Harcourt and myself, minimized the significance of the systematic conferences constantly going on between the military and naval officers of the two countries. Then the famous letter to Cambon of November, 1912, which we had extorted from Grey—what a singularly thin and deceptive document it was turning out!

No political rumination of mine, again, could ever leave out the effect of a war upon Home Rule. What more certain to impair the chances of a good settlement of Home Rule than the bottomless agitations of a great war? I traveled in my mind over all the well trodden ground of the diplomacies of the last fortnight. I recalled a conversation, recorded in some blue print, between Grey and Lichnowsky, in which there was almost a glow and fervor not common in such affairs, over the blessed improvement in the relations of England and Germany during the last three or four years. Why was not this great new fact, instead of the Entente, made the center, the pivot, the starting-point of new negotiations? Grey's fine character had achieved an influence in Europe that was the noblest asset for the fame of England and the glory of peace. In a few hours it would be gone. I could not but be penetrated by the precipitancy of it all. What grounds for expecting that the ruinous waste and havoc of war would be repaid by peace on better terms than were already within reach of reason and persistent patience? When we counted our gains, what would they amount to, when reckoned against the ferocious hatred that would burn with inextinguishable fire, for a whole generation at least, between two great communities better fitted to understand one another than any other pair in Europe? This moral devastation is a worse incident of war even than human carnage, and all the other curses with which war lashes its victims and its dupes. With a fleet of overwhelming power, a disinterestedness beyond suspicion, a Foreign Minister of proved ability, truthfulness and self-control, when the smoke of battle-fields had cleared from the European sky, England might have exerted an influence not to be acquired by a hundred of her little Expeditionary Forces. Grey, after too long delay, had wisely and manfully posed the issue of the hour for his colleagues, when he declared that we must now decide between intervention and neutrality, and that for neutrality he was not the man. Nor am I the man, said I to myself, to sit in the Council of War into which Campbell-Bannerman's Cabinet is to be transformed. It is after all not to be endured that not even two men in it should be found to "testify" for convictions. Nor were these convictions merely abstract or general. They were supported by my full and accurate knowledge of the facts of the particular situation. I could not be sure that the fervid tone of the colleagues whom I had just left, sincere though it was, would last. I saw no standard-bearer. The power of Asquith and Grey, and the natural "cohesion of office," would prove too hard for an isolated group to resist. The motives of Lloyd George were a riddle. He knew that his "stock" had sunk dangerously low; peace might be the popular card against the adventurous energy of Winston; war would make mince-meat of the Land Question. And the break-up of government and party might well make any man pause quite apart from demagogic calculations. In plain truth the Liberal party was already shattered and could not win the approaching election, mainly owing to

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Lloyd George himself. He was on the eve of the mistake of his life. Let him and others do what they would, and with a balance of motives in their minds as legitimate as my own. For me at any rate—*the future being what it must inevitably be*—no choice was open.

So I wrestled all the afternoon, and in this vein I made my way through the crowds in Whitehall to Downing Street. My decision was due to no one particular conversation, telegram, despatch; to none of the private correspondence from abroad, which Grey used to confide to me as representing the Foreign Office in the House of Lords. It was the result of a whole train of circumstance and reflection.

Cabinet at 6:30. Grey reported his conversation with Cambon. Burns said he must go. The Prime Minister still bespoke him for a talk at the close of the Cabinet. As we got up from our chairs, I said quietly to Asquith that I feared I, too, must go. He looked at me with his clear open eye. "One favor at any rate," he said, "I would ask you. Sleep on it." "Of course I will," I answered. I left him trying to deal with Burns—in vain.

II

Monday, August 3.—After breakfast, composed my letter to Asquith, copied it fair at the Privy Council Office, and sent it in to him.

J. M. to Asquith.

August 3, 1914.

MY DEAR ASQUITH,

I have, as you wished, taken a night to think over my retirement. I have given earnest pains to reach a sensible conclusion.

The thing is clear. Nothing can be so fatal in present circumstances as a Cabinet with divided counsels. Grey has pointed out the essential difference between two views of neutrality in the present case. Well, I deplore to think that I incline one way, and three or four of my leading colleagues incline the other way. This being so, I could contribute nothing useful to your deliberations, and my presence could only hamper the concentrated energy, the zealous and convinced accord, that are indispensable. You remember the Peelites entering Palmerston's Cabinet in the Crimean War: they entered it, and resigned in two or three days. If we abandon neutrality, I fear that within two or three days vital points might arise that would make my presence a tiresome nuisance.

I press you, therefore, to release me. I propose to come to the Cabinet today after the P. C. at the Palace. But I don't expect to be affected by what will pass there (Cabinet).

You will believe that I write this with heartfelt pain.

Ever yours,

M.

Privy Council at the Palace and talked with the King. Nothing particular passed, though he seemed to scent what was afoot. Then to Cabinet. Saw Lloyd George, and told him that I had sent in my resignation. He seemed astonished. *"But if you go, it will put us who don't go, in a great hole."* I made the obvious reply to this truly singular remark. He asked if I had considered the news of Germany bullying Belgium, etc. "Yes," said I, "and it is bad enough, but, in my view, war is not the only reply, and it does not alter my aversion to the French entente policy and its extended application." He told me that it changed Runciman's line and his own. My impression is that he must have begun the day with one of his customary morning talks with the splendid *condottiere* at the Admiralty, had revised his calculations, as he had a perfect right to do; had made up his mind to swing round, as he had done about the "Panther" in 1911, to the politics of adventure; and found in the German ultimatum to Belgium a sufficiently plausible excuse. I should be ashamed of this want of charity, in the case of any other of my colleagues except Churchill, and possibly the Lord Chancellor. Yet if there is a war, Winston will beat Lloyd George hollow, in spite of ingenious computation.

Then the Prime Minister arrived, with a grave look on his usually undisturbed face. We began with some miscellaneous business of secondary import, I forget what. The Prime Minister then drew himself together in his chair (next to mine), and opened with some severity of tone and aspect[1]—"I have to tell the Cabinet that I have this morning the resignations of four of its members in my hands. Burns you all heard last night. Today I have heard to the same effect from the senior of us all, the one who is the greatest source of the moral authority of the government. . . . Besides these two, we are to lose Simon and Beauchamp. I understand further that many others in the Cabinet, perhaps a majority, share their views, though not at present following the same course. Then it is represented to me that a majority of our party in the House of Commons lean pretty strongly in the same direction. Well, if the circumstances in which the country is placed were of an ordinary kind, my course would be perfectly clear. I should go at once to the King and beg him to seek other Ministers. But the national situation is far from ordinary, and I cannot persuade myself that the other party is led by men, or contains men, capable of dealing with it. Then the idea of a coalition naturally occurs to one. But coalitions have hardly ever turned out well in our history. I could not look hopefully forward to that course. You (or we) might shape a partial coalition. At any rate it is my duty to place my (or the) position plainly before the Cabinet."

[1] I afterwards read to Burns this version of what Asquith said, and he pronounced it "admirably right."

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They looked as if they expected me to say something. Naturally and most sincerely I expressed my regret at adding to the embarrassments of the hour, and repeated the points made in my letter of that morning. What could I look forward to but everlasting wrestles with Winston (at whom I looked with paternal benignity), without being able to contribute a single useful word. If I agreed and held on, I should be like the Peelites, who withdrew from Palmerston's government two or three days after joining. I feared I must beg the Prime Minister to let me hold to my letter. Simon followed; briefly, but with much emotion, quivering lip and tears in his eyes. He was even firmer than I was. Beauchamp said that he felt bound to associate himself with me. Lloyd George earnestly expostulated, especially to my address. Crewe said a word about his wretched position in the House of Lords, depleted of Beauchamp and me, and he remarked that he could never imagine himself a member of any government not predominantly and substantially Liberal—in which I thoroughly believe him. Grey, in a lowish tone of suppressed feeling, said how unhappy it made him to be the cause of such dissent and trouble among such friends. By the way, I have forgotten to put down that Asquith, almost at the beginning of his appeal, said with some emphasis that nothing would induce him to separate from Grey.

We then broke up without further ceremony, in that vague frame in which Cabinets so often disperse, it being understood that we three resigners present had in fact resigned. So ended my last Cabinet, eight and twenty years after my first. Beauchamp took me to his house to luncheon; I have seldom felt such relief, such lightness of heart —the reaction after all those days of tension. My host said he felt just the same. We gossiped about our successors. "Who will take your office?" he asked. "Well," said I with a laugh, "looking round the House of Lords, I can see nobody but my predecessor." "Oh, but how could I take your place, sharing the opinions for which you have left it?"

After luncheon, I went to the Club to rest an hour; then to House of Lords where everybody was talking of Grey's "convincing" exposition of his policy. Nothing passed in the House of Lords, and I soon found myself with the trees and fresh grass and open skies of my home.

Late in the evening Burns arrived. "Have you heard the news? Simon has been got over by the Prime Minister, with some stipulations, this afternoon, and after him, Beauchamp. So you and I are the only two!"

By partial coalition, I suppose that Asquith was thinking of Pitt in 1804. Temporary coöperation about war, and the conversations and conferences about Home Rule, Amending Bill, etc., might naturally ripen into a formal party engagement. The old liberalism had done its work, and the time had come for openly changing imperial landmarks, and extinguishing beacons that needed new luminants.

III

Tuesday, August 4.—Found the usual cabinet summons on the breakfast table. Of course had no idea of going. While I was munching my dry toast as complacent as man could be, a messenger from Downing Street arrives, bringing a letter marked "Urgent" from the Prime Minister:

Secret

3 Aug. 1914, Midnight.

MY DEAR MORLEY,

This is, to me, a most afflicting moment.

You know well after nearly 30 years of close and most affectionate association, in the course of which we have not always held the same point of view in regard to accidentals, though in essentials I think we have rarely differed, that to lose you in the stress of a great crisis, is a calamity which I shudder to contemplate, and which (if it should become a reality) I shall never cease to deplore.

I, therefore, beg you, with all my heart, to think twice and thrice, and as many times more as arithmetic can number, before you take a step which impoverishes the government, and leaves me stranded and almost alone.

Always yours,
H. H. ASQUITH (*signed*).

No more complacency! Really nothing short of mental anguish held me by the throat. I paced my library quarter of an hour, and my garden for quarter of an hour more. Then I got into the motor to drive for a Privy Council at Palace. By the time I reached my office at Whitehall, my concentrated thought in the motor had cleared all doubts away. My nerve had become good as usual, my temper as cool. I sat down and concocted my letter to the Prime Minister, copied the draft and sent it in to its destination.

Aug. 4, 1914.

MY DEAR ASQUITH,

Your letter shakes me terribly. It goes to my very core. In spite of temporary moments of difference, my feelings for you have been cordial, deep, close, from your earliest days, and the idea of severing our affectionate association has been the most poignant element in the stress of the last four days.

But I cannot conceal from myself that we—I and the leading men of the Cabinet—do not mean the same thing in the foreign policy of the moment. To swear ourselves to France, is to bind ourselves to Russia, and to whatever demands may be made by Russia on France. With this cardinal difference, how could I either decently or usefully sit in a cabinet day after day discussing military and diplomatic

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details in a policy which I think a mistake. Again I say divided counsels are fatal.

I am more distressed in making this reply to your generous and moving appeal, than I have ever been in writing any letter of all my life.

Ever yours,

M.

At the Palace, the King, who had been aware since Monday of the prospect of my resignation, asked me for the second or third time, whether I was in or out. I said out, until he had named my successor. He said in a rather sincere tone that he was very sorry. I take this to be the date of my resignation, though emoluments were paid up to August 5.

I looked to the past in this short episode, without self-reproach. I parted from friends without a wound or even a scratch, I could not comprehend them all, and two of them I had no choice but to *judge*. I looked to my brief future with steady self-control, meaning to imitate Michelangelo's figure of the Pensieróso in my library—with a firm mind pondering stern things.

Grato m' è'l sonno, e più l' esser di sasso.

MORLEY.

Trouping with Al Smith

TRAVELING with a presidential candidate is no way to find out what the country is thinking. He is the victim of American politeness; the crowds cheer him whether they mean to vote for him or not. Like the occupant of the White House, he is apt to meet only people who flatter him. Every crossroads campaign manager who comes aboard his special train tells him roundly that he will win the county, state and nation. The chairman at every meeting gets volleyed applause by referring to him as "the nu-hext Perrrrresadint of the United Sta-hates." To travel as a member of his entourage, therefore, is interesting but not conclusive, and results chiefly in a few pictures for one's mental scrapbook. You learn how many people there are in the world willing to stand for hours packed into a hotel doorway waiting to see the Big Man come out; how hard it is to get through that crowd; how little use is a policeman, even when he tries to help, as he usually doesn't. You find that to arrive with the Candidate at a railroad station is a menacing adventure from which you are lucky if you emerge battered and hot but intact. Also, it is driven in on you how feeble is American humor on its native heath, since 99 percent of it comes down to: (1) "Hey, there, Al!" and (2) "Show us the brown derby!"

All Aboard. The Governor's train is the most marvelous publicity caravan ever set in motion. There are forty reporters, four news-reel cameramen, four "still" photographers, a radio announcer, three expert stenographers. One car is filled with typewriters, bolted to tables, and a busy day will see as many as 200,000 words clicked out on these for the always hungry telegraph wires. The equipment even includes a dark-room where photographs are developed as fast as they are taken. A special car is carried in which, seated at a tremendously long and narrow mahogany table, the Governor holds his daily or twice-daily conferences with the press. Every word uttered by anybody at these meetings is taken down in shorthand, and mimeographed transcripts are ready within a few minutes after the meetings are over. There must be no danger of that misquotation by which candidates are ruined. The reporters live in compartment cars, the Governor in the rolling palace of his friend William F. Kenny, plus an observation lounge car for breathing space. For the sake of the journalists, with their notoriously irregular working hours, the diner serves continuously day and night. And finally, if any newspaper man wants anything he doesn't see, it is instantly and cheerfully produced for him by the Governor's marvellously efficient personal publicity aide, Mr. Joe Cohn, or by the equally marvellous Bill Donaldson, loaned temporarily from the House press gallery in Washington.

When Interviewed This Morning. In each city there is a special conference, at which both the newspaper men who are making the tour and the reporters for the local dailies are present. As is always the case at such affairs, at least 70 percent of those present have no business to be there. They occupy the press tables and draw pretty pictures on the free copy paper which the telegraph companies so courteously provide, while the men who have to put 3,000 words a day on the wire stand in the rear and make notes on scratch pads held in mid-air.

The Governor comes in as late as a man of his importance ought to be—ten or fifteen minutes—to the hotel ballroom in which 300 people are ranged on gilt chairs in a wide semi-circle. He looks extraordinarily well groomed and healthy, his face markedly more ruddy than anyone's else, his suit dark and well cut; it is single-breasted and those buttons which ought to be buttoned, are. He sits down, listens to a short speech of welcome by the Mayor —even city officials nowadays have learned to be brief—and then says, easily, "Well, gentlemen, I came for a conference with the press. Throw out the ball and I'll kick it."

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There are not many questions, and most of them are unimportant. The Governor parries these with quick flashes of wit, which does not sting. "What did you have for breakfast?" "Why, that's all in type already." "Have you repudiated your stand on the all-American canal?" "That's in my speech tonight." "When will the advance be ready?" "Less than two hours." "Can't you tell us now?" "No, I don't feel like making a speech this morning." A local editor pipes up, "Governor, win, lose or draw, won't you come out and spend a summer among our ten thousand lakes?" "Well, I might do that for one of my vacations"—meaning, White House vacations. The crowd roars, and among those who never saw him before there is a mutter, "How quick he is!" And from less friendly quarters, "Yeah, a regular Broadway wisecracker."

He is having a good time. His rich, vibrant voice rings out, careless and strong. He enjoys his own jokes, though with a touch of cynicism about them: he knows this is a too-friendly audience with which success comes cheap. Abruptly he decides it is over: he stands up, a flying wedge of policemen forms in front of him. They shout "get back now, one side please." The crowd is left gathering up its hats and coats and talking him over, suddenly gone slack as though a string had been cut.

On board the train, the press conferences take on a different note. Here the Governor knows nearly everyone present, relaxes, says things which, as he explains in a quick aside, are "off the record." He sits at the middle of the long table with correspondents clustered closely around him, straining to hear above the noise of the train. Even here, many of the questions are trivial or irrelevant, and the Governor deftly turns them aside with a word or two. At these close quarters his ruddy face is a mask of intentness. He clamps down on his cigar, his eyes are narrowed behind the pince-nez he wears for reading, the brown derby—and a rich dark brown it is, too, a good-looking hat for anyone—is pushed forward at an aggressive angle.

Parade's Coming! The first great problem is how to get from the hotel into the cars. The doorway and sidewalk are packed with people who don't care whether anyone passes or not, provided they can see the Governor—which they probably won't. The police push, the members of the official party shove, the crowds yell. At last the paraders, or most of them, squeeze through to the curb and tumble into the waiting cars; we move. If the police arrangements have been unusually good, the traffic lights are all set green; if not, there are the normal interruptions for cross movement. Then the parade breaks up into sections like a glass snake, and the rear portions speed madly when they have a chance, hoping they won't be lost.

The density of the crowd varies from heavy masses at the downtown street intersections to the thinnest trickle or none at all in the outskirts. Some sections cheer, others are silent or even set up a feeble pipe for Hoover. Every parochial school has let its children out and they are lined up along the curb, shouting wildly. The public schools have also let their children out, but here the enthusiasm is conspicuously less, and some lads and lassies are letting it be known in a vigorous treble that their sentiments are passionate, irrevocable and Republican. The parade slides through the prosperous residential district and the enthusiasm becomes conspicuously less; it goes into the working class section and the cheers revive. This is a class war as well as a religious struggle.

After twenty minutes of listening to the wave of cheering which accompanies the candidate's passing, it ceases to be cheering and becomes just an annoying sound, like the buzz of bluebottle flies in a room where you are trying to go to sleep. One knows now the feelings of the haughty equestriennes in the circus parades who never look right or left but gaze with concentration at their horses' ears.

Back at last to the hotel, tired and hungry, to fight and win another battle with the sidewalk crowd. Downstairs, in the corner by the barber-shop door, a manicurist is quarreling with her sweetie, a bellboy. In accordance with chaste Mid-western custom, she wears a Russian smock of green velvet and white sailor pants, while he exhibits the full evening dress uniform of a West Point cadet. She is trying to keep back the sobs as she says: "No, I won't, and you needn' ast me again! If you don't care enough to keep away from that Bertha for even one day. . . ." Does she care who is the next President of the United States? She does not; it won't be *him*.

Let's Go to the Meeting. The Candidate is to speak at 9 P. M. At 5.45 the doors of the hall are opened, and at 6:30 the panicky police shut them again after 13,000 people have jammed and sweated through. Every seat is taken, every inch of standing room. Hundreds are sitting on the floor, on newspapers or folded overcoats. Outside, five thousand more are milling in front of the locked doors, or clustered in the nearby park where loud-speakers will presently toss the speeches from Gargantuan throats into the frosty night air.

Inside, it grows hotter and hotter. A band plays excellent jazz; preliminary speakers make remarks which everyone can hear, because of the amplifying system, but to which few give more than half-hearted attention. A congressional aspirant has just been introduced and has taken his first big swallow of breath, when the crowd suddenly breaks into a roar which a sad instinct tells him is not meant for him. Through the door at the back comes the brown derby, and its wearer is instantly in command of the scene. Men toss away their good new fall felts, and a few women do the same with their red cloche bonnets (Doris Stevens and

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the National Woman's Party please write). Newspapers, whole or shredded, drift down from the balconies. An amateur cheer leader appears and leads the throng in an expert series of rahs. Five minutes later the Candidate himself has to cut the crowd off with short downward gestures of his extended hands, the backs uppermost. When he has sufficient silence to be heard he reminds them that radio time costs money. Then he makes his speech.

It is extemporaneous, a practice which brings tears to the eyes of the newspaper men, but produces better effects for the crowd and for the radio audience. The Candidate cannot read a speech with any success. He is a born orator; he knows the effects which are sure-fire with crowds of ten thousand and up, and even the more difficult ones which go over with ten thousand and down. The throng rocks with pleasure as he says that he feels somebody is pulling the strings behind the scenes in the Coolidge administration; it yells approval as he states that whoever is made President ought to "give the people the lowdown." It likes him straight through to the end, when his peroration demands and expects a Democratic victory in November, and he slips out as usual behind his flying wedge of policemen.

It drifts slowly away, ageing men with walrus moustaches, middle-aged women who wash dishes twenty-one times a week, girls from stores, boys who work in garages and can diagnose a sick automobile by telepathy, all of them desperate in their hunger for a leader, a Man on Horseback who shall yet be one of themselves, transfigured and thrown up to giant size. They drift away and leave the hall to its litter of crumpled paper and battered hats, and to the newspaper men rattling their typewriters as usual against time and calling back and forth to one another to know what in hell are Secretary Jardine's initials.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Somewhere in Wisconsin.

Germany's Just Grievance

LET US recall a few of the most important stages in the relations of Germany with the rest of Europe, and particularly with France. In 1924, the Ruhr then being occupied, the Dawes Committee issued its report, which was accepted by M. Poincaré, Prime Minister of France; and some months later the report was finally agreed to in London as the new statute governing reparation payments. Germany has faithfully carried out the provisions of the Dawes Plan for four years, and has now entered on the regime of so-called normal annuities. The year 1924 marked the turning-point in Germany's relations with the rest of Europe; and thereafter each year registered an important advance. In October, 1925, the Locarno pacts were concluded. In September, 1926, Germany was admitted into the League of Nations. The Conference of Ambassadors declared Germany to have fulfilled the conditions of disarmament imposed upon her. In September, 1927, Germany announced that she was willing to acknowledge the authority of the Hague Court and to submit all disputes to arbitration. In August of this year Germany was the first power to sign in the Salle de l'Horloge the Kellogg-Briand peace pact.

It is perhaps possible to entertain doubts about Germany's sincerity. One cannot forbid skepticism. But such skepticism must be felt—if one chooses to challenge the good faith of men—about every country in the world. It is quite illogical to look with one eye on this nation, and to look with another eye on the other nation. There is no valid reason for treating Germany according to special standards. Her actions must be taken to be just as sincere or just as insincere as those of other nations. How far they are to be taken as sincere and how far as insincere is a question to be answered as individual temperaments may dictate; but the same criteria must apply to all, or we fall into the realm of purely arbitrary judgments.

Therefore, without discussing the degree of ultimate importance that should be given to the diplomatic events of the past four or five years, we are bound to assess them at whatever value we would give to them were our own country chiefly concerned. Assuming that any human manifestations mean anything, these political manifestations of Germany mean that she wishes to live in peace and to give guarantees of her pacifism. It is difficult to see what more she could have done. She has certainly done more than anybody might properly have expected in 1924. Year after year she has strikingly demonstrated her desire to live on good terms with her neighbors. If these things are to be dismissed as unreal, then there is nothing of any avail; and Germany might as well have continued to utter threats and to breathe fire.

This is by no means a piece of special pleading on behalf of Germany. At the worst it is a piece of special pleading on behalf of common sense. If security is not now attained in Western Europe, then it never will be attained. For years the occupation of the Rhineland was represented by the French to be a measure of security. That, indeed, was its obvious purpose. Security in the final sense perhaps there cannot be; but it is clear that insecurity in a special sense there no longer is. Therefore, according to French and British doctrines, the

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continued occupation of the Rhineland cannot be justified from the point of view of security.

Under Article 431 of the Versailles Treaty, which does not err on the side of leniency, there is no excuse for any further delay in evacuating the Rhineland territory. But now the French have changed their tactics. They can scarcely pretend, after the Kellogg pact, whereby the nations have pledged themselves not to have recourse to war, that there is, if international pledges have any worth, any particular danger of a German attack to be anticipated. The dilemma is plain. Either diplomatic efforts are useless, or the German peril is non-existent. M. Briand cannot proclaim the triumph of the pact, and at the same time acquiesce in the continuance of the occupation. As he, in common with other statesmen, prides himself upon the signing of the pact, he cannot decently resist the demand for evacuation.

Yet between the horns of this dilemma there is a way of escape. It is now argued that security is not the object of the occupation. Those of us who have closely followed French reasoning since 1919 can only lift incredulous eyebrows. When it is asserted that there is some connection between the occupation and the payment of reparations—and even between the occupation of Germany and the Allied settlement of the debt to America—we search our memory in vain to discover when the link was established. We appeal to logic—equally in vain. In what way can the debts dispute between the United States and the French affect Germany? Germany is no party to this discussion, and to make evacuation contingent on a Franco-American (or an Anglo-American) settlement appears preposterous. It is amazing to hear arguments which are not really arguments but menaces, and which can be thus expressed: "If the United States will not come to a satisfactory arrangement with its associates of the War, then we will keep our armies stationed in the Rhineland." The thing has only to be put in that perfectly proper summarized form for its irrationality to be revealed.

But the main contention is that Germany, which has paid every penny claimed by the Allies under the Dawes Plan for four years, and has paid punctually and without demur, must now accept a totally different arrangement—an arrangement involving the immediate mobilization of credits and the commercialization of the debt—if she is to be released from the occupation. Undoubtedly I think that a new arrangement on the lines indicated is desirable in the interests of Germany as well as of the Allies. But that is another story. Such a mobilization, such a commercialization, has nothing whatever to do with the occupation. To make one depend upon the the other, to use the occupation as an instrument for financial bargaining, seems to me altogether unwarranted. The Allies themselves fixed the maximum period of occupation at fifteen years. It might end sooner, but it could not end later unless Germany was deliberately breaking the provisions of the Versailles Treaty. Now the lowest estimate of the number of annuities expected from Germany that I have ever heard is thirty. In fact, there is no time limit—which is one of Germany's grievances—but the maximum fifteen years of occupation could never have been intended to bear any relation to the minimum thirty years of reparations. Until recently it has not been suggested that Germany must fully acquit her obligations before there can be evacuation.

My business is, however, to record French opinion on this subject. On August 23, there was a French ministerial council, and it was decided unanimously that evacuation could only be envisaged as part of a general settlement which would include not only reparations but the French war debts. On August 26 and August 27, M. Briand and M. Poincaré conveyed that decision to Herr Stresemann. Thus, precisely at the moment of the signing of the peace pact, France officially intimated new conditions to Germany. It is true that two years ago—in September, 1926—M. Briand, meeting Herr Stresemann at Thoiry, adumbrated some such doctrine. At that time the circumstances were different. The Franco-German *rapprochement* was in its infancy. The eventual evacuation seemed remote. It appeared well worth while to pay any reasonable price for the recall of the troops. The negotiations were not pursued. In April of this year M. Briand informed M. de Margerie, the French Ambassador in Berlin, that he considered himself free of all engagement in this sense; though, indeed, a few months later the same idea was adopted by the French ministerial council. If we disregard mere dialectics, and look at the matter from a practical standpoint, we shall see that the general settlement, which would bring the occupation to an end, is scarcely a feasible proposition. It requires not only the active assistance of the United States in the placing of German bonds, but also—if we are to take the French ministerial decision seriously—a complete change in American policy in respect of war debts. With the American presidential election in sight, such a change of attitude appears to be unthinkable.

The testimony of one of the most perspicacious observers in France, "Pertinax," is particularly illuminating. He may be described as a nationalist who has opposed all the successive concessions of France since 1924. That gives his frankness an additional piquancy. In the Echo de Paris he writes:

> At the point we have reached the Cabinet will need a good deal of energy to hold fast to the thesis of August 23; in the first place, because the whole policy of Locarno, of Geneva, of the Kellogg pact, postulates an evacuation, an evacuation which cannot await the good pleasure of the United States; in the second place, because, though Belgium is determined to follow France step by step, it is probable that the Cabinets of London and of Rome, driven to the wall by

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> the Germans, will declare themselves favorable to the measures solicited by the Reich. A few weeks ago Italy marked her sentiment. As for England she may well protest that she will do nothing to embarrass French initiative, but at bottom what "the Foreign Office" thinks is scarcely doubtful.

It is necessary that each country should shoulder its responsibilities. The chief responsibility is perhaps that of France; but the responsibility of England is scarcely smaller. The British view is pivotal. To shilly-shally would be taken as a sign of weakness of British diplomacy in Europe. After the signing of the peace pact, a decision cannot be indefinitely postponed. The acid test of the Kellogg pact must come soon.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

William Crary Brownell

IN THE last years of the nineteenth century some of us who were young had a sense that America and we were coming of age. We have been assured often since that we were wrong; nevertheless the illusion is, in reminiscence, a pleasant one. Higher education had undergone a great change in content and method, following the lead of Eliot at Harvard. Building was coming under the influence of architecture represented by Richardson, McKim, and Sullivan. American artists were resorting to the Beaux Arts and Julien's. Art museums and institutes were being founded and expanded. There were oases of music in the schools and orchestras of Boston, New York and Chicago. The great expatriates, Whistler and Henry James, were being enthusiastically claimed for American art and letters. New poetry was coming into notice with Sidney Lanier, Edward Rowland Sill, Emily Dickinson, Louise Imogen Guiney and William Vaughn Moody. Criticism was becoming a living art through George Edward Woodberry, James Huneker, Paul Elmer More in succession to Lowell and Whipple. If we had had the courage of the present generation, we should have called it the American Renaissance.

It is to the last of these groups that William Crary Brownell belonged. He began his work somewhat late in life, in the forties, I think, after a long apprenticeship of reading, travel and journalism. His first book was "French Traits," which was adopted by the Chautauqua Reading Circle—in itself a sign of no small meaning. Then followed "French Art," "Victorian Prose Masters" and, somewhat later, "American Prose Masters," all issued by Scribner's, in dark blue or rather luminous black bindings, uncompromising type and thick, solid paper—the very insignia of discipline and good taste. I never saw Mr. Brownell in person, but I always knew that his books looked like him. Their appearance inspired confidence, and made unnecessary Montaigne's introductory sentence: "Reader, this is a work of good faith." And the reading of any of them added to the conviction that here was a critic who knew his business and how to go about it.

Those were the days in which Matthew Arnold was recognized as the head of English criticism. "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time" and "Culture and Anarchy" had appeared, it is true, in the sixties, but post-Civil-War America had little leisure or taste for them then. It was in the late eighties and nineties that his influence was at its height in these states. I doubt if Mr. Brownell realized to what extent he betrays his indebtedness to Arnold. On few of his pages does Arnold fail to appear by citation or reference. At all events, Mr. Brownell's view of the function, and of the methods, standards, ethos of criticism is, in large degree, Arnold's. The vivifying gospel of Arnold's essay on "The Function of Criticism" is that criticism of art and letters cannot be separated from criticism of life. And so we find Mr. Brownell explicitly announcing: "If literature is a criticism of life, criticism . . . determines the relation of the two, and thus needs as close touch with life as with arts and letters." Arnold was a militant critic, an apostle of civilization. Somewhere in his letters he speaks of the British public with a fervor quite unusual: "What a public it is and what a work one wants to do with it." Similarly, Mr. Brownell was assuredly conscious of his mission. Professor Harper remarks that Mr. Brownell's first book, "French Traits," was written with an eye constantly upon his own countrymen. But Mr. Brownell, while candidly ready to accept Arnold's leading, was by no means blind to his limitations. He felt the lack of esthetic quality in Arnold's prose as well as the lack of sensibility and "natural magic" in his poetry. In one of those passages illuminated by a kind of humor which one feels was habitual with him, and which manifests itself characteristically and urbanely as the wit of understatement, he says:

> He [Arnold] lacked the edge at least of the esthetic faculty. In Italy he was preoccupied with botany rather than with the fine arts, and though it is perhaps too much to ask of any Englishman that in any environment he should forget his botany, still the slight impression the artistic wealth of Italy seems to have made upon him, judging from the "Letters," is significant of a sensuous side well under control.

As Matthew Arnold was a preacher of civilization to the Philistines, so in his own land was Mr. Brownell to compatriots who were not even con-

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scious of their lack of circumcision. Civilization is, of course, a social matter. It is a state of society, and cannot be practised by the lonely. It arises from the free, mutual association of people who understand each other and enjoy the benefits of this common understanding. A civilized country, as Mr. Clive Bell reminds us, is one which takes its color from those who have made this enjoyment a fine art. It is to be recognized in general aspect by easy social intercourse as opposed to egregious, individual, idiosyncratic manifestations which may constitute a manner, but not manners. Their civilization particularly excites Mr. Brownell's admiration of the French. He finds that among them

> the social instinct which subordinates the individual and suppresses eccentricity, the social and tolerant nature of a morality which dictates conformity to general rather than personal standards, a highly developed intelligence and the absence of sentimentality . . . afford precisely the condition for producing in perfection an impersonal, artificial, graceful and efficient medium of social intercourse.

This feeling in life for the qualities which in art we recognize as classic determined very largely Mr. Brownell's critical evaluation of the painters and writers with whom he dealt. "What distinguishes the civilized from the savage appreciation," he tells us, "is the passion for order." Amid a very wide range of esthetic values of which he is conscious, we find him emphasizing the classic. Of Millet's painting he goes almost so far as to say,

> considering its reserves, its restraint and poise, its sobriety and measure, its quiet and composure, its subordination of individual feeling to a high sense of artistic decorum, that, romantic as it is, unacademic as it is, its most incontestable claim to permanence is the truly classic spirit which, however modified, inspires and infiltrates it.

And of Corot's landscapes, he says, "had the Greeks left any they would have been like Corot's." It is the exaggeration of the personal, the self-conscious, the wilful in Carlyle and Ruskin which motivates his severity toward those masters. It is simplicity and clarity which he admires in Arnold and, above all, in Thackeray, who "by virtue of birth and breeding wrote like a gentleman." But it should be repeated that for him simplicity and clarity are not enough to constitute great prose. They are the morality of style which must be touched by emotion to become religious.

Mr. Brownell's criticism is determined in the first instance by his realistic attitude toward art, his sense of its dependence on life. He recognized that French landscape and French life are admirable material for the artist's hand. They offer in themselves substance which has already been subjected to artistic treatment, which has been worked over, as it were, and made malleable and responsive. It is the absence of this preliminary process which constitutes the fundamental difficulty for American art. We have an abundance of scenery, but little landscape; plenty of crude vitality, but less of what the European calls life. Hence Mr. Brownell finds his American prose masters, except Cooper and James, somewhat thin and poverty-stricken. Hawthorne "neglected imagination" because he shrank from the reality which was offered him. Emerson's "nature was flooded with light, but it lacked heat"—which can only come from the combustion of material fuel. And Poe he thinks it "impossible to make a great writer . . . because his writings lack the elements not only of great, but real literature. They lack substance."

Upon the method and technique of criticism of the fine arts Mr. Brownell delivered himself somewhat fully and very explicitly in a lecture before the American Academy. Criticism, he informed his hearers, has as its objective "to discern and characterize the abstract qualities informing the concrete expression of the artist." He recognized the value of the historical method, especially as emphasizing that continuity without which order cannot exist, but he marked its limitations in that it "discerns historical rather than essential character." The essential character is what Mr. Brownell pursues. "It is the *qualities* of the writer, painter, sculptor, and not the *properties* of their production that are his [the critic's] essential concern." Criticism of fine art is thus for him a highly intellectual affair—the application of ideas to the arts. The great defect of Lowell as a critic, as he points out in "American Prose Masters," is that, with all his industry and erudition, "he was reflectively indolent." Lowell's criticism remains formless and vague because he has not thought his conceptions out into definition. Intellectual power gives validity to criticism even when the critic's emotion is not enlisted. "It is a sure mark of narrowness and defective powers of perception to fail to discover the point of view even of what we disesteem." In its highest form, the response of criticism to art, as that of art to life, must be emotional, esthetic; but of an emotion trained and schooled to highly discriminating reaction. The critic's report of his subject will not be a merely impressionistic record, but one "carefully controlled and corrected by culture."

It was the primary business of general criticism in Brownell's America, as in Arnold's England, to point out the fundamental deficiencies in life which limited the development and expression of its higher interests. This task Mr. Brownell took up more and more energetically in his later years. "Standards," "The Genius of Prose Style," and, still more, "Democratic Distinction in America" are progressively more impatient. He stood staunchly by his earlier dictum—"To an intelligence fully and acutely alive its own time must, I think, be more interesting than any other"; but among the elements of interest he failed to find those which he valued

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most. Discipline, taste, manners, intellectual severity, culture seemed to be less and less in force. He continued to inveigh against the extravagance of personal expression. "To take one's self for granted and, withdrawing one's attention from it as well as tempering one's tendency to 'express' it to others, to concentrate one's mind on its development is, in the long run, to serve it best." The self-expression which he found so wearying was rendered more obnoxious by its frankness. Candor, he complains, used to be associated with innocence, rather than with sophistication. Now we have "the new candor." "No time was ever before so content with all its characteristics as to conceive the parade of its indecencies more laudable than their concealment." Taste had become whim. With a wry face he quotes from the London Mercury: "Never mind about taste so long as you can get appetite." In particular he lamented the lack of that continuity which is the basis of order and the essence of progress. "Instead of taking the torch to hand on to its successor, supplied with fresh fuel and all the latest improvements, the present age has apparently extinguished it . . . and fashioned a new one for itself." There is so much of wholesome truth in Mr. Brownell's strictures that it is unfortunate that his complete addiction to them and his headmasterly manner of uttering them should have closed ears which might have been wooed by more winning tones. Mr. Brownell failed in his last years in one quality which he appreciated in Arnold—in urbanity. But this failing should not obscure his real distinction as, in the largest sense, the first American critic, as it does not diminish the gratitude and affection of those of us who knew him in that capacity and who owe him so much.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Washington Notes

THE DANGER of the Smith campaign as I see it is that, following some conspicuous Democratic precedents of the past, it will sag in the home stretch. Up to date it has beyond question gone very well, and apprehensions fill the billowy bosoms of the Herbert managers, male and female. The thing the Happy Warrior must guard against, however, is being too happy at this stage of the proceedings. It was always the habit of the late Bryan to win the election about the first week in October, and the enthusiastic confidence of his followers did not begin to ebb until about the middle of the month. It has been the pleasant Republican custom to concentrate their fight on the last two weeks. Usually it has been about October 15 or 16 when they "turned on the juice." Those whose memories have not failed will recall that four years ago at this period there was a real prospect that the election would be thrown into the House of Representatives. The La Follette forces claimed eleven states, and five were virtually conceded them by dispassionate observers.

As I recall them now, these five were Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Iowa. Our very best political calculators, adding the dependable Democratic states in the South to the La Follette eleven, showed the impossibility of the good Calvin getting a majority in the electoral college. As a matter of fact, they were not far wrong—at the time. Had the election been held early in October, it might easily have happened. It has since been conceded that these confident claims, plus the bright October prospects of a deadlock, had no little to do with the final result. The "business interests" in the East became alarmed at the thought of the "effect on business" of a House election. They produced the money and the money produced the results.

There is, I am told, full appreciation of the danger among the men and women who really run the Democratic campaign. They recognize the reserve power of the Republican party, realize that the big guns have yet to be fired, that the effect of Hoover speeches by Hughes, Coolidge, Mellon and Dawes, all of which are to come, cannot be discounted in the "industrial East," that the critical period for Smith has not passed—it is to come. I am further informed that they count heavily upon two things to prevent the October sag in the Democratic situation. One of these, of course, is that this time the Democrats will have money to offset money. They will not be trying to pay rent in order to keep from being turned out of three or four hotel rooms at a time when they ought in the interests of the cause and the country to be stoop-shouldered from shovelling dollars into doubtful states.

The other thing counted upon to keep the Smith confidence from ebbing and the betting odds down is the inauguration about the middle of the month of a slashing personal attack on Herbert. Smith is, it is contended, sufficiently skillful to make this attack without giving an opportunity for a charge of vilification or mud-slinging. He knows all about the danger of a reaction and can be depended upon not to cause one. The assault is not to be sudden. It is to be gradual, but about October 15 it will be "going good." Such is the idea of the Happy Warrior's happy friends in the General Motors Building. The more scurrilous of the pre-convention attacks on Herbert will not, of course, be used by the candidate, but there is ample material without that. There is, for instance, enough to enable Al to smear the British citizenry stuff in with a skilled and practised hand. There is also a chance for him to spring some new stuff, which, while not inherently important, may be most effective, according to the way Herbert handles himself. Those who think that the Happy Warrior will not have some new stuff to pull in the last two weeks greatly underrate the political shrewdness of that little group of old friends who are handling his publicity, and who have, it must be conceded, handled it well. They have for months been gathering ammunition for the last few weeks. I would not be surprised if they had begun firing by the time this piece is printed. They have, in fact, got the whole thing planned out. Whether it works out as planned is the big question. Partly they count on Hooverian political ineptitude. They believe the alert and seasoned Al can maneuver his opponent into a corner and there land a lot of licks without risking even

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a rabbit punch. Perhaps it will work out that way. Certainly Herbert has not up to date exhibited either taste or talent for "infighting." It will not do for the Happy Warrior, however, to count on too much Herbert inertia.

Not being entirely dumb, and having a fairly efficient secret service of its own, the Herbert management has a pretty accurate idea of the sort of stuff that is coming. It is, however, no secret that Herbert is preparing to be dignified to the bitter end. He plans, his friends tell me, to ignore the Happy Warrior. Up to the present writing, he has operated exactly 100 percent as an ignorer. He has not so far mentioned his opponent by name. He has not only kept to his rule of avoiding personalities, but he has managed not to recognize realities. So far as he personally is concerned, he seems not to know that there is an opposing ticket in the field. Some of his friends insist that he will continue to ignore, straight to the finish. Others do not believe he will be able to do this; that the speeches of Hughes, Coolidge and Mellon will not be a sufficient answer to Alfred, that Hoover will have to hit back himself. Personally, I think he will no more be able to ignore the Happy Warrior in the last two weeks than he could ignore a large and angry boil on the back of his neck.

Speaking of Mr. Mellon, word comes to me that the genial old gentleman's speech is even now being written for him. He is to make it, I understand, in Pittsburgh, and it will not impose a very great mental strain on the already heavily burdened Mr. Mills. He can very easily use a lot of figures he has embroidered in his own bedtime radio talks. And he need have no new ideas at all. If he merely expresses the fundamental belief that prosperity and safety can only be assured through the continuance in power of the Republican party, the old gentleman will think it fine.

T. R. B.

Washington.

The Plover

Gone are your sweet cadenzas,
  O little world of song;
But I foresaw no evil
  And tarried overlong.

As I went on my way
  I heard a plover calling
"O lost one, here am I—
  What hap is thee befalling?"

Rude hap had smote her bantling,
  For in my smiling road
Its dusty bosom vaunted
  The dear last drops of blood.

All unaware she called
  Nor knew her chick lay dying;
The plover, on and on,
  Went crying, crying, crying.

I, too, die on my journey;
  Yet tender voices strive,
And call and call and call me
  As though I were alive.

A. E. Coppard.

Copenhagen

COMING into that famous harbor of Copenhagen, where so many of the world's ships have had to pass, you think of Venice as seen from the Adriatic. There is the same low-lying city, the cathedral dome like Santa Maria della Salute, the points and spires, the Dragon Tower, the towers with their crowns, lanterns, spheres, in green, copper, lead, and heavy gilding. There are the same waterways running in and out—nowhere in Copenhagen are you long absent from these arms of the sea, you are forever coming on them, at the head of a street, past a shaded church, beyond a palace. There is more black here than in Venice, black tugboats and sailboats and barges, black tones in the buildings of the town, with a pervading gray coloring that astonishes you by its frequency and by the lavishness of its reliance on gold relief. Later, when you walk about the streets, the elegance and *chic* that this black gray and this lavish taste for gold achieve will take a gradual, slow hold on you in Copenhagen.

And then before you know, you are landed pleasantly enough, mildly seen through the customs and on your way to your taxi; rich with the thought of all those throngs, laden with bouquets, who had come to meet their friends and families on the boat, and still richer with Danish invitations to dinner, lunch, supper parties, country excursions, heaped on you by patient and hospitable Danish fellow passengers.

From the harbor the road leads straight to Tivoli, which is the Coney Island of Denmark, less pounding and more easy for all citizens—the whole town walks there amid the flowers and lights and inexhaustible booths and cafés, and not a Dane on the boat but has asked if I am going there. Tivoli has the famous pantomime, going unbrokenly for more than eighty years and so full of remembrances for those who are old, and fresh delight for their grandchildren. At Tivoli are some of the world's best restaurants, signposts to the perfection of the kitchen in this land where people seem to be always eating and where the ordinary cooking must be the best in Europe.

After that harbor entrance—where the superb castle of Kronborg with its towers at the very edge of the sea has been already passed—after the harbor and Tivoli, which seem to say two great Danish things, the sea and sea-faring, the love of pleasure, eating, talk, after all that the best way to write of Copenhagen is in paragraphs of what is there; for it is still somewhat strange to most of us and not to be usefully conveyed through those impressionistic methods by which Rome or Seville might be revealed or might reveal one's lyric mood.

There is here (for me at least, till now never seen) that Danish restatement of Dutch Renaissance that Christian IV brought into his country—during the reigns of the English Elizabeth and James—and perfected in the Rosenborg Slat, in the Bourse and the buildings around it, and brilliantly at Frederiksborg. There is here the application of Renaissance forms to the older mass forms without any sure understanding of the new design that had spread from the South. There is no grandeur of mind in what arrived; the low ceilings, the confusing of plan, the whim and caprice, remain despite the new ornate grace and technical

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brilliance. But the Northern comfort and livableness begin to appear and something of the charm, as is the case here and there in the Jacobean, whose origin and effort were parallel to this in Denmark. Here in Christian's palaces the original color and furniture remain to a great degree, and seeing them, I am able to reflect how high was the color in those English styles that we know now only as all scraped down and sober, in brown colored grained woods, fit for the dullest Puritan eye and the stalest sobriety, but in its proper day bright and gilded to the hilt. In sum, Denmark is an education in the Jacobean.

There is the eighteenth-century Copenhagen: the palace of Count Schim in Ilmann and the four royal palaces that make up that Amelienborg Plads, adorable and choice, not to mention the many smaller palaces and houses.

There are the churches of Copenhagen, Homens Kirke, Frue Kirke, Reformeret Kirke, Helligaands Kirke, with their old brick and stones, their façades, their long, narrow windows and leaded clear glass, their towers ending in gold and copper green, their yards with trees. At night Copenhagen is but quietly lighted—an uncanny quiet to New York eyes—these churchyards scarcely lighted at all, and seen thus sitting back in shadow from the street, through high railings of black iron, clouded with their trees, they are among the lovely things of the town.

There are the flowers, flowers growing everywhere, flowers for sale in every square, bought by everybody. They shall be a separate paragraph of Copenhagen.

There are the museums, often, like that of the Industrial Arts in the old Frederiks-Hospital, arranged with a certain delightful intelligence and easy charm that surpasses any I have seen anywhere else. They are marked by a richness, authenticity and abundance that might be surprising in so small a country, if we had not already seen the ease, skill and pleasant fertility with which Danish life is carried on, in comfort, pleasure and the management of things. The Thorvaldsen Museum exhibits this greatest of modern efforts in the classical, a son of Denmark, a universal darling of his epoch. And here in Copenhagen you delight in seeing how often the museums are filled with collections straight from the life and society of Denmark and Danish tastes—even the Chinese treasures were not acquired from Berlin and Paris dealers to serve as exhibition pieces, but came back with Danish traders and sea captains from their long Eastern voyages.

This fertility, ease and lightly taken resource and ability that you see in the museums, the cooking, the pleasant town, serve to express for me the sense I have of the country and the people, received in so flying a visit. I have heard Copenhagen described as urban, as distinguished and choice. It does not strike me as keyed to such a pitch as to be any of these, but rather as softer and more easily encountered. The people in the streets and cafés look comfortable, intelligent, and provincial. On the trains, in the galleries, the palaces, squares, and gardens, they are the most unobtrusively courteous, obliging, unaffected and comfortable-eyed that I have seen in Europe. You are constantly eased and made happy. Nothing stirs your deepest tastes or moods, nothing exacts your utmost altitudes. But nothing disgusts or bores you with its stupidity or bad grace or needless and unexpected huffiness. You get the impression that before long, perhaps even now, Denmark will have new ways of living to confront, in the stress of the commercial pressures of our epoch, but what you carry away now is unique in Europe. It leaves you with a sense of nothing to regret; seasoned travelers will know what that means.

STARK YOUNG.

Roses of Summer

ROOF GARDEN

THE elevator glides up to a decorous halt; the elevator boy sweeps back the clicking gates, the door slides open; and he announces "The Roof!" The fat lady in the tight red dress gets out, accompanied by the fat man with eyes like oysters and lips like a rosebud, and followed by the other occupants of the elevator: two men with sleek hair, sleek faces and sleek evening clothes, a jovial man in horn-rimmed spectacles and tweeds, and a stunning creature in yellow silk, who carries herself as if she had just won the prize at some show for woman-fanciers.

As they wait while the women retire to the cloak-room, the men stroll about the thick-carpeted lobby, smoking cigarettes and studiously avoiding the magnificent view from the windows—all except the man in tweeds, who rushes to it with noisy delight, and tries vainly to get his two sleek companions to come look. When the women have rejoined them, they move towards the dining-room; they are momentarily checked at the door by the suave but insistent head waiter, who wishes to be assured that they have reserved a table. A party has just been turned away, and now stand waiting their turn, looking rather vexed. This is at present quite a fashionable place to dine.

The roof garden is a large oval room, with big alcove windows all around it. The walls and vaulted ceiling are painted a light blue, to indicate that a sky is overhead. The tables are clustered around the windows, and in the middle of the room is a dance-floor. On the dais at the far end, the orchestra are chatting among themselves; a quizzical, bald-headed man sits at the piano, idly playing a tune which no one can hear above the roar of the conversation, and glancing quickly here and there, and occasionally grinning and waving a hand to somebody he recognizes. The leader appears, a short plump young man bursting with good living. He looks lazily at the crowd of diners, and raises his arms. The orchestra crashes into the "Rhapsody in Blue."

When that is safely over, the people begin to dance. Most of the couples are fat and middle-aged. The lady in the tight red dress is indefatigable, and wears out partner after partner. It is a very hot night, and some of the men have to mop their brows. Now the orchestra is playing the latest hit: first they play it loudly, and then very softly, so that you can hardly hear the melody. When they begin to play it softly, one of the second violins steps up to the microphone. By the movements of his mouth and by the yearning expression of his face you can tell that he is singing, but not a sound can you hear. His brow puckers, he opens his mouth wide, at the same time contriving to look wistful; as the chorus comes to an end, he closes his eyes and smiles with triumphant longing, and his Adam's apple flutters. He sits down, and the orchestra plays loudly again.

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As the fat lady in the tight red dress rises for her next dance, she pats herself nervously behind. It is such a hot night. Perhaps she is beginning to show through.

Love at Sea

The first night, before the ship left Liverpool, there was a moon. But the fog shut down the next day, and it has been foggy every night since, with a rough sea and a wind that blows the spray over the decks. The first night, when the ship still lay in the Mersey, the two young lovers stood at the rail for hours, with their arms around each other, now and then turning their faces for a kiss. He is an undersized youth, with long hair that curls out from under his cap, and she is a pale, thin girl, with big eyes, her hair in a braid down her back, and tied with a ribbon.

The second class is absolutely full up—mostly Scotch steam-fitters and their families going to look for jobs in America. That first night somebody brought out a pair of bagpipes, and somebody else an accordion, and there was a lot of singing, principally "Bonny Loch Lomond." But the boy and girl were too much engrossed in each other to join in. No one pays much attention to them, and they keep to themselves; they are almost literally wrapped up in each other. Nothing interferes with their love-making. Occasionally they make the rounds of the deck, arms about each other, their pale faces shining; but as it grows rougher, they stick close to the rail. The more the ship bucks and tosses, the closer they hug the railing and each other. Sometimes the girl leans far over, and is sick, but his arm never leaves her shoulder. And five minutes later they are kissing again.

Carnival

Once a year, this little Connecticut village has a fair. It runs for a week, at nights. The proceeds this year are to go into the fund for the new Methodist parish house. The fair is held in the field next to the church; the booths are arranged in two long rows, so that the crowd wanders down a grassy way between this double line of attractions. Most of the booths contain the usual kind of gambling game—pitching hoops, or putting your money on the lucky number, which will get you an alarm clock or an aluminum sauce-pan. But the two chief features this year are the rattlesnake pen and the bathing beauties. The rattlesnake exhibit is presided over by the druggist, a quiet, sleepy-eyed village sophisticate. Rattlesnakes are his hobby: he caught every one of these himself. And right near here, too—just across the river. It makes the girls' eyes get big to think of it. He stands in the middle of the pen, wearing high rubber boots, and slowly stirs up his pets with a long forked stick. Now and then he pins one down, stoops quickly, picks it up just behind the head, and holds it up so that the crowd can see, forcing its jaws open to show the fangs. A girl gives a shrill squeak, and the druggist smiles, a slow, satisfied smile.

The bathing beauties have the advantage of a talented barker. He is a gentleman farmer, also something of a wit, and whenever he catches sight of any acquaintances in the crowd, he apostrophizes them with such vim that they come forward, abashed, and deposit their money. His voice is stentorian, and the delights he shouts of have brought the men and boys crowding to his booth. From a high platform a diving board extends over a tank of water, and to one side is a generous target. For fifty cents you get five baseballs, and every time you hit the bull's-eye, the bathing beauty is automatically precipitated into the tank. It is late in the summer, the evening air is chilly, and there has been such a run on this booth that the volunteer bathing beauties have all either caught colds or refused to serve further. Their places have been taken by small hireling boys, who shiver as they wait their turn on the springboard. There is not the same thrill, however, in making a small boy do an involuntary dive as there is in knocking off a pretty girl, and the barker is growing hoarse trying to entice the crowd. But one old fellow always keeps coming back for more, without any urging from anybody. He is bent with age, and his thick glasses proclaim his near-sightedness. He cannot see that the diving beauties have changed their sex. Although he has already squandered five dollars and fifty cents without once hitting the target, he is still full of hope.

T. S. Matthews.

CORRESPONDENCE

Will Germany Pay?

SIR: It seems a pity that Mr. Frank Simonds, who enjoys such a deservedly high reputation as a commentator on military operations and European political conditions, should now come forward in the role of chief economic prophet of pessimism on reparations. His recent article, alarmingly captioned "The End of the Dawes Plan" and predicting its early collapse, indicates that he has come into the field of economic controversy at an exposed position once occupied by the extreme theorists, but from all appearances abandoned by them some months ago under the shell-fire of events.

It is impossible within the limits of a letter to disentangle the web of economic half-truths and unfounded assumptions, mostly concerning an alleged transfer problem, out of which his prophecy of disaster is made. It is possible only to suggest one or two of the reasons why the school whose terminology he adopts has now become, excepting only its latest recruit, exceedingly cautious in the matter of predicting the failure of the Dawes Plan.

Mr. Simonds is correct in suggesting that, as an operation in the international transfer of debt payments, the working of the plan is at present dependent on foreign exchange made available to her through foreign loans. But, as I have elsewhere pointed out at length, both economic history and economic theory make it plain that there is nothing at all abnormal in this situation, or in its more or less indefinite continuance, and they further make it clear that when the time comes when Germany ceases to borrow, it will come because, by the aid of the borrowed capital, she will have built up her productivity to the point of having an accruing surplus of new capital of her own——available in the form of an export surplus of goods and services as the means of continuing the transfer of payments on her international obligations. At the present stage, the desirable thing for Germany, as well as for her creditors, is that her foreign borrowings be incurred, as all borrowings should always be incurred, only for purposes reasonably to be defined as productive. That this will be so in practice is substantially guaranteed by the safeguards which have been set up by the financial authorities concerned, both German and non-German.

Mr. Simonds says that "next year, when the Dawes payments go up, when, not impossibly, Germany will refuse to borrow, or the American investors to lend, the end will arrive." This is the

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essence of his article. But he does not explain why Germany, needing capital for her industries, will refuse to borrow, or why the American investor, seeking employment for his surplus earnings, will refuse to lend.

Does he mean to imply that Germany will deliberately decline to go forward with her own industrial and commercial rehabilitation for the sake of denying to the French an equitable adjustment of war-burdens, and that she will be content to accomplish this denial, even though by so doing she pulls down the pillars of her own new and dearly bought prosperity? Can any other meaning than this possibly be assigned to Mr. Simonds' words? And has this forecast of the German attitude anything to recommend it? Most observers credit the liberal movement in Germany with a high degree of intelligence, sincerity and vigor, and would, in consequence, characterize any such forecast as highly improbable, if not fantastic.

GEORGE P. AULD.

New York City.

SIR: At bottom I think that the main difference between Mr. Auld's view and mine rests upon his assumption that in the long run conditions which existed before 1914 will return, and that as a result the experience of the post-war period will in the end prove similar. I do not see how one can escape his conclusions if one accepts that view.

But the analogy does not seem to me sound. In the first place, the vast pre-war capital investment of Europe in the United States and abroad generally was chiefly concentrated in new countries, destined to develop enormously; it was expended in building railways, etc., and there was no political consciousness of the process.

For myself, I cannot believe there is any parallel between Germany as a field of investment today, and, let us say, the United States before 1914. The ultimate fate of Germany, industrially, depends to a large extent upon the restoration of world markets, world purchasing power, etc. Both Great Britain and Germany are up against the same problem. Both countries went through a period of domestic boom, following the arrival of peace, as a consequence of the starvation of the domestic market during the War. The British boom was several years ago, the German was just coming to an end when I was in Berlin last winter.

If one assumes that, once foreign capital has got the German machine running, foreign markets will consume the necessary portion of German production and that the thing will happen relatively soon, well and good, but that is not the view of the German experts themselves. In my conception, Germany, like Britain, is an over-populated, over-industrialized country, facing enduring consequences of the shift hastened, if not produced, by the War. There is, then, no real parallel with the situation of the under-developed and under-populated regions to which European capital was sent before 1914.

Again, it is a notorious fact that the capital which is being lent to Germany is not, to the same degree as in the American case, being applied to development—very much of it is going into municipal loans which are expended in public parks and the like, in the things which, in our political parlance, would be described as "pork-barrel" appropriations. Gilbert has sufficiently elaborated that point.

Finally we come to the political aspect. The German does not believe in the justice of reparations, and he is satisfied that if he had not been compelled to pay them—and to make other contributions as a result of his defeat—he would not now be obliged to borrow abroad. Collectively, he does not think of the foreign borrowings as ordinary transactions, but as consequences of wrongful treatment, in the first instance, at the hands of those now lending him money. He feels, in a measure, that he was first robbed and that his despoilers then, in order to keep him at the task of paying tribute, have advanced him certain sums and taken a new mortgage on his future.

Men like Schacht, with whom I talked in Berlin, are honestly disturbed because they see the evil consequences of any failure of Germany to meet the interest charges and amortization of her increasing private borrowings, and are, nevertheless, aware of the general national sentiment in this regard.

The real analogy, in my judgment, is not, as Mr. Auld thinks, between the Germany of today and the United States of pre-war era, but between Germany and Mexico. In the latter country, for many reasons of a political character, public opinion and popular passion were aroused against foreign capital and against the assumed exploitation of the country for the foreign bondholder. The result for the foreign investor everyone knows.

At the close of the War I shared the general view of the Allies about German capacity to pay. I regarded Keynes as a mere pro-German. Only after nearly ten years of pretty steady travel and study of the actual European situation did I reach the conclusion that in the main he had been right. Today, I should be inclined to agree that, if reparations and debts were wiped out, the situation of 1914 would be restored to a degree, and that it might be possible to see in the flow of loans to Germany what you describe as a normal condition. Even then, however, I should be doubtful of the degree to which a restoration of the great German industrial machine, necessarily based upon foreign markets, could be sound and would not, in the end, involve overproduction and its inevitable consequences.

But we cannot ignore the political factor. The first consideration in viewing the value of any debt must be the state of mind of the debtor toward it, his view as to the moral and material claim upon him. And we have to face the fact that the German sees in reparations and in post-war loans only two similar disclosures of a deliberate plundering of his country and the exaction of a tribute to be continued over decades.

In sum, Mr. Auld and I differ because I believe that the analogies of the pre-war time are inexact, because of war and post-war changes, and because I believe the psychological and political factors are totally changed. For new countries, for under-populated and under-developed countries in Europe like Poland, Rumania, Jugoslavia, for example, and France also, as a country both under-populated and under-industrialized, I see a real analogy with the United States and, indeed, all American countries before the War. Germany, Great Britain—so far as the British Isles are concerned—and Italy, by contrast seem to me in a different situation.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Snowville, N. H.

Briand's Idée Fixe

SIR: Perhaps I am fed up with the editorial rat-tat-tat of the little Poincarés in the French newspapers; but it seems to me that the Germans at Geneva showed too much patience in merely not applauding Briand. They would have been justified in throwing a few eggs to show that they considered him a ham actor. Political France, with her ubiquitous concern over the safety of her borders, arouses the same suspicions as a woman who is too concerned over the safety of her virtue. Moreover, in this, as in all respects, her policy is determined by mere ideas of reality, which are no less effective determinants for being contrary to actual reality.

Propose to rectify any of the numerous injustices to minorities that actually threaten war; and Briand clubs you with the danger this would involve to peace. He has in mind, among others, the danger of attack from a united Germany and Austria, which is as unreal as the protection afforded by their political separation. Propose to insure peace by disarmament, and Briand cites the danger of attack from Germany, which he cites also against the evacuation of the Rhineland; when, in fact, the occupation for a few more years is plainly no protection against a real danger, and the danger is itself plainly not real. For Briand himself says that the only real guarantee of peace is a sentiment for peace among the people of a nation, yet he will not accept as a real guarantee of French security such a sentiment among the German people, shown in its last elections, which makes a German attack inconceivable, except perhaps in final desperation over the treatment Germany is still getting, and even then the money would be lacking. And, finally, he has the effrontery to reproach Russia for her armaments, when Russia is the one nation which is open to attacks such as France fears, and precisely from France.

B. H. HAGGIN.

Antibes, France.

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Blindfold Tests

SIR: Your New Republic article on what really happened in an authentic blindfold test of various cigarettes is most amusing. You know, of course, that Old Gold's attempt to usurp the Smith Brothers field has precipitated a real fight in the industry to the temporary despair of the newspapers and magazines, whose advertising schedules have been cut heavily.

If you care to reduce the blindfold test to a further absurdity, I suggest a blindfold test which doesn't require laboratory conditions.

Thoroughly blindfold one of your friends whose veracity is unquestioned; light two cigarettes, then take one unlighted and put them in turn in the subject's lips. Vary the order and find whether he can tell which one is lit and which one not.

About fifteen years ago, when I was inclined to be more positive in my judgments than I am now, and then a confirmed smoker, I had to admit I couldn't pick the lighted one.

G. G. FLORY.

Scarsdale, N. Y.

Mr. Castle and Liberia

SIR: In your issue of Wednesday, September 12, you say:

> Liberia is to have a financial adviser, appointed by President Coolidge, who has already designated William R. Castle, Jr., our acting Secretary of State, for the post.

I feel very sure that you want to have your facts right and this sentence is, of course, nonsense. President Coolidge does not appoint the adviser, but merely designates him and the Liberian government can approve or disapprove the designation as they desire. It is perfectly obvious, futhermore, that no one has ever thought of designating me for the post and equally obvious that I should never think of taking it, both because I have been connected with the American government and because I should be a complete failure as financial adviser.

W. R. CASTLE, JR.,
ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE.

Washington, D. C.

[We, of course, regret that in summarizing from the daily press news reports of the arguments at Williamstown we included the erroneous report about Mr. Castle. As to whether President Coolidge "designates" or "advises," however, we feel that the technical point is unimportant compared to the fact that Liberia is so overwhelmingly likely to accept the President's choice.—THE EDITORS.]

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The New
REPUBLIC

Fall Book Section

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The Significance of Herman Melville

WHY does Herman Melville mean so much more to us than he did to his own contemporaries? What has his thought done for us, and what has his vision given?

The change that has come about is not merely a change of style, so that the things which amused Mr. Stedman and Mr. Lowell are now old-fashioned, like hooped skirts, while the things that concerned Melville are, like the cubist quilts and coverlets of the 1850's, distinctly modern. "Typee" is still as good a book as Mr. Stedman thought it: but we see now that it belongs to a more common order of literature, whereas "Moby-Dick," the more closely we consider it, mounts to that lonely, wind-swept plateau in whose rarefied air only the finest imaginations can breathe. Distinctly, "Moby-Dick" belongs with the "Inferno" and "Hamlet" and "Lear" and the "Brothers Karamazov"; and if it does not establish its right to this company, it must occupy a lower place than the successful novels of its period, a "David Copperfield" or a "Pendennis," books written with a complete acceptance of the current limitations and provincialities.

Melville's work, taken as a whole, expresses that tragic sense of life which has always attended the highest triumphs of the race, at the moments of completest mastery and fulfillment. Where that sense is lacking, life shrivels into small prudences and petty gains, and those great feats of thought and imagination which transform the very character of the universe and relieve human purpose from the weak sufficiency of toiling and eating and sleeping in a meaningless, reiterative round, shrivel away, too. John Ruskin saw the truth of this when, in spite of his pacifist convictions, he praised the art of war, for its effect upon the human spirit: life becomes intensified and purposive when the battle with the forces of Nature, like Ahab's battle, is a deliberate pursuit and challenge, and not merely an apathetic waiting for a purely physiological end. The tragedy of life, its evanescence, its frustrations, its limitations within physical boundaries almost as narrow as a strait-jacket, its final extinction becomes, in a day that consciously embraces its fate, the condition of an heroic effort. It is just because these things lie in wait that man defies the gods, cherishes the images he has created and the relations he has solidified in custom or thought, and centers his efforts on those things which are least given to change. Though the sensible world is not derived, as Plato thought, from the heaven of ideas, the opposite of this is what every culture must strive for: to derive from the sensible world that which may be translated to a more durable heaven of Forms.

Within the world of these forms there is Life, a thing of value, and not merely living, a matter of fact and habit and animal necessity. Whether one develops this tragic sense of life on a battlefield, like Sophocles, or in a whaleboat, like Melville,

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it is a precious experience: for living, merely living, as every profane writer from Petronius Arbiter to Theodore Dreiser has shown, brings boredom, satiety, despair: whereas Life is eternal, and he who has faith in it and participates in it is saved from the emptiness of the universe and the pointlessness of his own presence therein. Living, for man, in all but the most brutish communities, like those of the savages of the Straits of Magellan or the outcasts of a Liverpool or New York slum, includes and implies this Life: and when Melville summons into his whaler the several races of the world, he is expressing the universal nature of that effort which caps nature with culture, existence with meaning, and facts with forms. Ahab's tragic struggle is the condition of every high endeavor of the mind; while adjustment, acquiescence, accepting outward conditions as inward necessities, though they may prolong living in the physical sense, effectually curtail Life: this attitude, the attitude of Melville's contemporaries, the attitude of the routineers and philistines at all times—and they have never perhaps been so numerous as today—disrupts life far more completely than illness and death do; for it brings about a deliquescence of forms, such as the nineteenth century showed in all its common arts, and a disintegration of human purposes. When that happens, the White-Whale of brute energy reigns supreme: Life itself is denied: living produces no values, and men hide their emptiness by embracing weak counterfeits of purpose.

Melville's younger contemporaries, who fought in the Civil War, knew Life and Death; but those who prospered in the years that followed knew something more dreadful than simple death: they knew chaos and purposelessness and disintegration, such chaos and purposelessness, mixed with a wan, reminiscent hope, as Henry Adams pictured in his "Education." Herman Melville portrayed a human purpose, concentrated to almost maniacal intensity, in "Moby-Dick"; and in "Benito Cereno," in "Bartleby," and in "The Confidence Man," he showed the black aftermath, when the purpose is not sustained and carried out in art, and when he himself was deserted in his extremity, by contemporaries who neither understood nor heeded nor shared his vision. No single human mind can hold its own against all that is foreign to it in the universe: Shakespeare's heroes issue their brief defiance, before they are blotted out: such unity of spirit as one may possess, as philosopher or poet, must be sustained in the community itself. A new culture, the product of two hundred and fifty years of settled life in America, had produced "Walden," the "Leaves of Grass," Emerson's "Notebooks," and "Moby-Dick"; but that culture, instead of sustaining and carrying forward the integration of man and nature and society shadowed forth in those books, was completely uprooted by the Civil War, and a material civilization, inimical in many aspects to the forms and symbols of a humane culture, was swept in by the very act of destruction.

Two generations of that material civilization have shown us its lopsidedness, its aimlessness, its grand attempt to conceal its emptiness by extending concrete roads and asphalted streets and vacuum cleaners to more and more remote terrains: our most humane writers, like Mr. Sherwood Anderson, have shown how mercilessly the whole human being is crippled by this one-sided triumph; and even our most bewildered writers, who have exulted in all these maimed energies, have shown in their very act of deification how brutal and aimless they are. We realize that the effort of culture, the effort to make Life significant and durable, to conquer in ourselves that formidable confusion which threatens from without to overwhelm us—this effort must begin again. And in thus making a beginning we are nearer to Whitman with his cosmic faith and Melville in his cosmic defiance, than we are to a good part of the work of our own contemporaries. It is not that we go back to these writers: it is, rather, that we have come abreast of them; for in creating that new synthesis, in lieu of the formless empiricisms and the rootless transcendentalisms of the last three centuries, the writers of our own classic past were nearer to the contemporary problem than almost any of the Europeans have been—since the physical remains of another culture in Europe give the mind a false sense of stability and security.

Herman Melville's world is our world, magnificently bodied and dimensioned: our synthesis must include and sublimate that very quest of power which Melville portrayed with such unique skill, as a combination of science and adventure and spiritual hardihood, in "Typee," "Mardi," and "Moby-Dick." Melville's life warns us not to stop here: men must test their strength in surrender as well as in lonely conquest: he who knows neither social union nor sexual passion nor love is indeed an Ishmael, who finds himself an outcast because he has cast out that which was most precious to his own nature: there is love in the universe as well as power: the sun warms and the rain slakes the thirst: the whales dally and the first song of creation is the song of sex.

The synthesis that Melville foreshadowed in his ideas is not simply a logical structure: the search for such an abstract solution of life's problems is one of the idola of the closet. Melville's synthesis was embodied in acts and deeds. During the years of his early manhood, as he wandered about the world and contemplated existence under the stars and bore a hand in working the ship, his environment, his experience, and his vital relationships were a single integer. He did not lack what libraries and the social heritage of man gives; but he mixed this with activities that gave back to books the subtle properties that cannot be transmitted to the printed page, but must be derived directly from life. The reviewers in London might well have been shocked by the spectacle of a "common sailor" writing "Typee." Mel-

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ville had bridged in literature that great gap between the respectable, learned professions and the common trades that had hitherto been crossed, with rare exceptions, only by those who definitely had lost caste, or who, like Burns, had risen with a sense of uneasy sullen pride to acceptance among people of high rank.

America had taken all the established castes and classifications of Europe and left them to sort themselves out according to nature and ability. By a singular dissociation of ideas, which involved the destruction of an old social tissue, it had permitted a free and disinterested creature, a man, to emerge from a conglomeration of classes and practical interests. Melville was not primarily a sailor; he was not an adventurer; he was a man sailing, a man adventuring, a man thinking, proving in his early manhood that a whole and healthy life may involve many functions, without sacrificing its wholeness and health to any one of them. Whitman with his nursing and carpentering, Thoreau with his pencil-making and gardening, were Herman Melville's brothers in the spirit: they did not disdain the practical life: they faced it manfully: but instead of neglecting every other activity for "business," they saw that what was called business was only a small part of the totality of living: they behaved towards it, as Whitman said, *as if it were real,* with the knowledge that merely getting a living was not a sufficient contribution to Life. Brutal though Melville found whaling to be, it communicated, nevertheless, a sense of Life: there was astronomy and mathematics and natural history and art and religion within the bulky hold of the whaler, as well as technics and business and the daily logbook.

The vision that grew out of this experience was a whole one, not, like the science of its time, subordinated to practical interests or even narrower metaphysical schemata. Through this dissociation from inherited values all things began at scratch: no one element in life, except sex, carried a handicap. Melville's settling down was inevitable, inevitable and difficult; but the difficulty was not due to the inability of a restless adventurer to accept a tamer and more even existence: it was due to the fact that, having known a rounded and cultured life, however savage and exacting, he could not submit to the desiccated routine of Western civilization, with its contempt for art, its gross disregard for the higher manifestations of science, its dislike for meditation, its subservient religion, its frank subordination of all other values to that of Comfort. Melville's contemporaries, with chance exceptions, neither lived as full a life as he had lived in the South Seas, nor were they able to understand it even as a theory. For these contemporaries, Melville's vision was an example of Bedlam literature: they did not realize that Bedlam was precisely the world they lived in, and that Melville's vision, like Emerson's, like Whitman's, like Thoreau's, was a part, and a great part, of a growing whole.

The stripping down of Herman Melville's ego, which he began in "Mardi" and finished in "Pierre," was a sloughing away of labels, nicknames, party war-cries, habits, conventions, and acceptances; it was, necessarily, a prelude to that building up of a new ego, a surer and more central I, which is the task of our own time both for men and for communities. Melville himself was crippled in the work of reconstruction by a hiatus in his own career, which was followed and made final by the social hiatus of the Civil War: though he sought to complete the work in "Calarel," one cannot pretend that he did anything but foreshadow this mended psyche, this more richly integrated self: one of his last poems, "The Lake of Pontosuce," perhaps approaches nearer to the goal than any other work of his. It is useless, however, to speculate upon what might have been: the accidents that befell Melville are part of that malign doom that he himself pictured in "Moby-Dick," and they do not affect the essence of his work. Whatever Melville's life was, his art in "Moby-Dick" was that integration and synthesis which we seek. Through his art, he escaped the barren destiny of his living: he embraced Life; and we who follow where his lonely courage led him, embrace it too. That embrace was a fertile one, and in each generation it will bring forth its progeny. The day of Herman Melville's vision is now in the beginning. It hangs like a cloud over the horizon at dawn; and as the sun rises, it will become more radiant, and more a part of the living day.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

The Perfect Lover

The Tale of Genji, by Lady Murasaki. Translated by Arthur Waley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Four vols. $3.50 each.

"THE TALE OF GENJI" has been compared with the robust English "Tom Jones," even more futilely with Proust's epic of the introvert. Prince Genji might with more reason have been compared with "Anatol," although the delicate, evanescent sentimentality of the Japanese lover is anything but the heavily scented boudoir atmosphere of the bourgeois Austrian. As for Casanova's record of physiologic achievement, that is just what Lady Murasaki wisely abstained from portraying in detailing the amorous adventures of her hero. Even the Don Juan myth fails to suggest the Genji type of lover, for Don Juan was primarily interested in his record of "conquests," while Genji's forte was fidelity to many. I know of no notable fiction in our western world that suggests even remotely this beautiful picture of an exotic, an exquisite civilization that has wholly passed away, nor do I gain either understanding or comfort from the encomiums of the critics thrust in one's face on the jackets of these four volumes.

It is true that "The Tale of Genji," written about 1000 A. D. by a lady at the imperial court of Japan, illuminates strikingly our own so different age by its subtle resemblances and its even more subtle differentiations. But that is the gift of all superior artists, the quality of imaginative prescience in all great literature. Shakespeare and

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Dostoyevsky covered all the "discoveries" of psychoanalysis, without the pedantic terminology. So Lady Murasaki, writing of the polygamous court society of medieval Japan, reveals most of the passional and sentimental perplexities of Park Lane or Park Avenue, proving that polygamy as practised in the most highly civilized circles differs little humanly from monogamy imperfectly practised in our own less civilized society. The Japanese novelist does more than, this, of course: in Genji—Prince Charming—the conquerer of the hearts of men and women alike, by his beauty, charm, and accomplishments, she has presented more adequately than any other novelist a fascinating type of male. Genji, as he develops under the admiring hand of his creator, is primarily the Lover, neither the seducer nor the master nor the sensualist. From early youth to age—he died before he was fifty, a wise precaution!—his was the ceaseless pursuit of satisfying beauty and charm, the search for full realization through women of all the glowing possibility of life within himself. That is the essence of the nature of the true lover! Within his being lies the never-to-be-achieved dream of a complete union, glimpses of whose attainment the lover perceives, here, there, in obvious contacts as well as in hidden corners. Himself a paragon of all the graces of person, at the pinnacle of his society, yet without the encumbrance of imperial dignity, so exquisitely endowed that his clothes, his dancing, music, verses aroused universal admiration, he sought love, at first joyously, impetuously, then more soberly, and latterly as the glamor of life faded to autumn colors, more discriminatingly, sought that mirror of himself which he was never wholly to discover in one person, but whose many facets he—temporarily—enjoyed. He was the "Shining One," not merely for all women, but to men, even to the almost unrecognized laity of the common world beyond the palace gates.

Genji was never exposed to serious censure (except his own, for the sin of loving his father's secondary wife). His amours, no matter how many emotional complexities they involved, how much trouble they caused him, were never the subject of adverse criticism by his contemporaries. Thus in a free medium he pursued his illusion throughout a lifetime, and, being the perfect lover, he never dropped a tender relationship once formed. Death occasionally reduced the number of his commitments, but births also increased them. Indeed, the complications of the later volumes are largely concerned with his efforts to keep in touch with all the accumulated interests of his earlier years —and their consequences. Having built a magnificent new palace, he housed his four more important affiliations in the four wings, each with its own garden, park and lakes, where he could hover over them all, giving each beloved that special guardianship for which he was famous. Such an existence involved, obviously, a perpetual adjustment of the surfaces to keep placid the atmosphere of his palace. The aim of the perfect lover was to preserve harmony among the contending interests, which his habit of not forgetting whatever had once aroused his tenderness presented to him. But women once loved by a Genji usually condoned his digressions, secretly conscious of their own incapacity to monopolize his various nature. And when unable to endure the loss of his whole attention, they would quietly, decorously take the veil and die—a delicate form of suicide, which Lady Murasaki employs perhaps symbolically.

This Perfect Lover—the Shining One—moves through the romance in an environment better adapted to emotional refinement than any the world has ever known—in the hieratic court of old Japan, where the cult of personal relationship was so developed as to blend imperceptibly with the religious cult. Genji's chief activities, other than love, were those of state, and largely ritualistic. To our own realistic, "hard-boiled" age there must be something baffling in this cult of the emotions, either esthetic or religious or amatory. Also, in the picture of a refined conventionality of manners through which the individual expressed himself. We westerners have never evolved anything precisely like this cult of sensibility, although England in the Restoration, France under the *Grand Monarque,* and certain circles of renaissance Italy faintly suggest it. But today, abetted by a pseudo-scientific psychology and a craving for machine technique, we repudiate contemptuously such emotional "sentimentalism," and ruthlessly destroy the perfume of life by our coarse analyses. To the hard-boiled of this unfortunate generation, Genji's preoccupation with forms, his never-ending exchange of verses with his various beloveds (as well as with men friends), his sensitiveness to moods and to aspects of nature must seem mere "applesauce." All the same, our realistic world has lost immeasurably in delicacy of perceptions, which give both interest and significance to human life. Delight in perfumes and fabrics, in the placing of flowering shrubs and waterfalls, in the subtleties of penmanship and poetic style—every act was for these few favored beings permeated by sensibility. The chapter titles alone indicate the nature of their ceremonial preoccupations—"The Festival of Red Leaves," "The Spray of Plum Blossom," "The Sacred Tree," "The First Song of the Year," "A Bed of Carnations," etc. And the lover prized less the physical charm of his beloved than her wit, her grace, her breeding displayed in the downward stroke of the writing brush, in the fanciful allusion to a known poem, or her skill in choice of colors.

Nothing in such a society, exquisitely concerned with feeling, could be more remote from, let us say, Tolstoy's "Anna" or George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda," both so heavily charged with moral values. And yet it would be wrong to leave an impression that the court life of old Japan as revealed in this chronicle of a lover was totally lacking in what we should recognize as morality, subjective and social: its imperative commands are evident on every page, what the individual owes to himself in conduct, a very intense realization of wrong-doing and of excellence of behavior, not always ours. We are naturally interested in the working of a licitly polygamous society in contrast with an illicitly polygamous society such as ours. Plural marriages were not only permitted in these higher circles of Japan, but were considered inevitable. Beginning with the Emperor, however, there was always one chief wife, with one or more secondary attachments, the relationships depending more on the prescribed social ranks of the contracting parties than on priority or preference. Genji, for example, married to a woman of equal rank, could not even on this wife's death elevate his best-loved companion to the position of an equal mate. Relationships between the sexes became, therefore, highly individualized, each union prescribing its own peculiar status. It must be admitted that there resulted much jealousy, many heart-burnings, especially for women, whose sensitiveness to status was not any less than it is today. Humiliation often ended in death, a voluntary resignation of the world. The complications created by the polygamous customs seem no less—if no more!—than those we suffer under nominal monogamy. Genji, the supreme lover, created for himself many such complications of conflicting alle-

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giances, and he possessed sufficient imagination and sympathy to realize the suffering he might inflict, to guard against it where possible, to mitigate it by constant kindness. Thus his story presents fairly the insoluble sex conflict—the search, the demand for variety in the male, the jealous desire to possess and absorb in the female. Even Genji's son Yugari, deeply in love all his youth with his cousin to whom he was happily married at last, with many children—recognized in contrast with his vagrant father as a "serious person" —succumbed to an infatuation that nearly wrecked his home. . . . So the observant chronicler would seem to indicate that the Genji fate (karma)—the lover's fate —must repeat itself eternally, so long as men and women are born with the desire to complete themselves. "Companionate marriage," a commonplace in Genjiland, seems to be no solution to the problem.

ROBERT HERRICK.

English Insight

The Foundations of Education. Vol. I: The Aims and Organization of Education, by J. J. Findlay. Henry Holt and Company. 345 pages. Vol. II: The Practice of Education. 382 pages. $3 each.

Constructive Citizenship, by L. P. Jacks. Doubleday, Doran and Company. 300 pages. $3.

GERMAN thinkers have been in the habit of attempting to see wholes by describing in minute detail all discoverable parts; they have been the conceivers and builders of systems of thought. American thought has been for the most part unconscious of wholes; its tendency has been to emphasize parts and allow the whole to take care of itself. In consequence of these trends, German thought has traditionally merged in well rounded, orderly and finished works; the American product, on the contrary, has usually been disorderly, unfinished, spotted. German sentences end with periods, while American sentences end with semi-colons or dashes. It is as if the Germans were accustomed to a universe consisting of many diverse but interrelated parts. The task of the German thinker, therefore, was to discover how to put the parts together. American thinkers have been content to break up the parts into still smaller parts.

It becomes apparent that the above distincion is no longer wholly valid. The younger thinkers in Germany have come to realize that truth has a way of eluding systems. They have come to see that thought, in so far as it is integral with action, may profit from giving attention to manageable parts. Even the *Gestalt* psychology, which at first sight appears to belong to the older trend, represents an attempt to get at controllable behavior; its *total situation* falls far short of the more ambitious systems of tradition. And it is certainly true that American thinkers are beginning to appreciate the lack of satisfaction which comes from continuous living with parts. Thus far, this dissatisfaction is derived largely from esthetic sources, but there are unmistakable indications of its impact in other spheres of thought.

English thought, that is, the thought of England, is influenced more directly by Germany than by America. (The term "America" is here used according to custom to designate principally the United States.) And yet, in a curious way, much of modern English thought seems to harmonize, if not synthesize, German and American emphases. Something of the older American pluralism gets itself mixed with something in the older German unity.

Three forces struggle for place in English thought: science, classicism and humanism. It is the last-named, humanism, which seems to weave the central strand. And it is this humanistic quality which patently provides the best of English thought with its finer insights. Englishmen strive to bring their ideas into relation with something solidly human. This is insight: to reveal the meaning of things and events in terms of their derivation from an influence upon human nature. Thus, when Professor Findlay begins his systematic work on education he attributes the conception to his German teachers, but as he proceeds it becomes clear that he has been deeply influenced by the American emphasis upon changing human nature. In fact, his chief concern in the area of values derives from his insights into human limitations and aspirations. Individuality and sociality are both given data of human nature; neither the one nor the other may be used as the sole end of education. "Fellowship increases with the passage of time side by side with our inner experience of the expanding self." And "the school, when all is said, is not an appropriate *venue* for a new gospel; the reformer can only ask that our children should be so educated as to remain sensitive to the intimations of adventure." In Volume II, where he compares Dewey and Tagore, he comes even nearer an insight integrated through a fine and sensitive view of human nature. "No two types [Dewey and Tagore] more remote from each other could be named, yet they are united by practical experience of child-life which bridges the chasm between East and West. . . . Tagore and Dewey also honor science and use it, but as a means to a greater end, the end being behavior in a social and spiritual society. For both of them *the meaning and purpose of life* is the one thing that matters: the life they cherish is not some future field of activity or success, for which this or that subject or method may prepare, but the life that now is, that now fulfills itself, both in individual experience and in coöperation."

There is, then, for Professor Findlay but one supreme aim for all education, namely, "the nurture of the human spirit." Body-mind, intelligence, art, morals, citizenship —these are constituent values which find their places only as they serve the human spirit. No single portion of man's life is more important than another; conflict occurs in every sphere. The task of education is to harmonize the whole of life, to find rhythm, balance, and concord for the total personality—which includes the individual and the social, the one and the many, the objective and the subjective. From this point onward, Professor Findlay discusses such topics as types of schools, teachers, educational costs, educational authorities, the curriculum, co-education, pre-school education, teaching procedure, *et cetera*. The great merit of this work is the fact that its systematic character does nothing to destroy its liveliness, and although many special items have to do with English educational problems, the book as a whole should be as interesting to American as to English readers. If a more sane and essentially fine book on education has been written since the peace of 1918, this reviewer has not seen it.

Principal Jacks, who is said to have a larger audience in America than at home, should probably be classified as a sociological moralist, or an ethical sociologist. He thinks in corporate terms, visualizes social wholes. And, more often than not in recent times, he seems to see before him a distressed, perplexed, and wayward social system; and he

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speaks mostly to those who retain the desire and the will to make something out of its seeming failures. "Our civilization," he writes, "will be regarded throughout as a perilous adventure for an uncertain prize, not the less but the more perilous for having passed from the 'military' to the 'industrial' stage, an adventure to be worked out according to the skill and valor of the participant citizens, in their singularity and in their masses." In order to confront this peril positively and unafraid, we must give heed to the physicians as well as to the pathologists. But here we must choose wisely between such deadly Utopias as H. G. Wells proposed and the unfruitful pessimism of Spengler. This ability for right choices we may attain by abandoning *"space-thinking"* and substituting in its place *"time-thinking."* Whatever we are as individuals or groups is not the result of a universe conceived as things in space. The rise of mechanical science has led us to think of the universe seen, touched and manipulated as the real universe; we have become an eye-minded generation. But we must learn to think in time, in terms of the conscious and everlasting stream of experience. Space-thinkers point to *goals* fixed in space. Time-thinkers ask for *direction* of movement.

Once we have rid ourselves of this pernicious habit of thinking of our world in terms of space, we may begin to face the multitude of problems ushered in by industry and science with hopefulness and vigor. We may, that is, embark upon the role of constructive citizenship. Three major tasks will there confront us: (a) to develop skill in every variety of socially valuable occupation; (b) to train and increase the number of trustees, citizens capable of and willing to assume social responsibilities; and (c) to apply scientific and educational methods for resolving the conflict of interests. Skill, trusteeship, and scientific method are, then, the resources for constructive citizenship, and the remainder of the book is devoted to an exposition of these three aims. The total result is a ripened insight, a warm and at times penetrating picture of our civilization and time. Although one sympathizes with all of Principal Jacks' aims and aspirations, the reader cannot avoid a certain degree of skepticism. Such a world in which education comes from labor, where corporate responsibility and social valor go hand in hand, and where conflicting interests are being brought within the ambit of manageable, scientific methods will certainly be desired by almost everyone. But where are we to discover and lay hold of the dynamic, the incentive for bringing such a world experimentally into being? To exchange space-thinking for time-thinking is not enough.

In one place Principal Jacks writes: "There will be no human fellowship, no social unity, until men and classes and nations have become more willing than they now are to share the losses as well as the gains, and to stand by one another in evil fortune as well as in good." We suffer, says Principal Jacks, from moral anemia, because we have come to value life in terms of pleasures. One may agree with both of these pronouncements and still be left unsatisfied. How is it to be done? At what points is human nature susceptible to positive change? Where do we begin? Nor is it adequate to suggest that universal remedy, education, as Principal Jacks does; again one must ask: what kind of education? But, having voiced one's skepticism, it is fair to say that Principal Jacks has presented a program, if not a plan. And it is a program which all educational and social reformers will profit from because it is permeated with characteristic English insights.

E. C. LINDEMAN.

The Criminal and His World

Celebrated Trials and Remarkable Cases of Criminal Jurisprudence from the Earliest Records to the Year 1825. Compiled by George Borrow and Edited by Edward Hale Bierstadt. New York: Payson and Clarke. Two vols. 989 pages. $15.

The Criminal and His Allies, by Marcus Kavanagh. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 431 pages. $3.

The Elements of Crime, by Boris Brasol. New York: Oxford University Press. 433 pages. $5.

The New Criminology, by Max Schlapp and Edward H. Smith. New York: Boni and Liveright. 325 pages. $4.

WE MAY well dispose of this latest grist on crime and punishment in the order of their irrelevance and anachronisms. The "Celebrated Trials . . . " is an anthology of some of the more important trials in modern history, from Mary Queen of Scots to Marie Antoinette and Arthur Thistlewood. The selection was apparently made in part on the basis of the eminence of the parties involved and in part on the ground of the mysterious or gruesome nature of the case. The book is admirably printed and is of much historical, literary and morbid interest, but is of little or no importance to the criminologist, except in so far as it throws some light upon the development of court procedure. Those who exult in the perusal of legal jockeying and bulldozing and in hangings will find the book a good investment, but it is not a work for the serious student of crime and punishment.

If the characterization of a "bull in a china closet" was ever cogent and appropriate, it is in the case of the efforts of Mr. Justice Kavanagh of Chicago to settle our crime problem for us. Judge Kavanagh is one of the "efficient" judges of the Chicago criminal court who, in his zeal to clear up the docket, frequently oversteps himself. He boasts of his outwitting defense attorneys and alienists in the Russell Scott Case, but we learn from the North Eastern Reporter for June 26, 1927, that the Supreme Court of Illinois reversed Judge Kavanagh in this case, alleging unjudicious fervor on the part of Judge Kavanagh and savagery on the part of the state's attorney. More recently Judge Kavanagh has lectured about, giving graphic and detailed description as to the exact manner in which Sacco and Vanzetti killed Parmenter and Berardelli. He has now gathered his wisdom into a formidable tome, which is unquestionably the most earnest work on the problem of crime since the publication of Richard Washburn Child's bugle-call to the *Landsturm* in his "Battling the Criminal."

Judge Kavanagh spreads before us the whole farrago of conventional criminological superstitions: alarmist talk about the growing crime menace; the prevalence of foreigners in our criminal population and the "un-American" nature of criminal propensities; the present pernicious and all-pervading tendency to "coddle" prisoners and treat them better than the honest and law-abiding population outside penal institutions; the necessary extension of the death penalty, the deterrent effect of which cannot be doubted; a proposed revival of corporal punishment for lesser felonies and misdemeanors; and the desirable organization everywhere of state police on the plan of the Pennsylvania Cossacks. Throughout, the old shibboleth of summary

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justice and severe punishment is rendered adulatory homage as the unfailing panacea for criminality. The one exception is the tribute paid by Judge Kavanagh to the juvenile court:

> Passing up through the general murk and discouragement of the maladministration of the criminal law in the United States, the Juvenile Court alone towers a sun-crowned monument of mercy and wisdom.

But the Judge apparently fails to recognize that the juvenile court has attained this enviable position solely because it has repudiated, root and branch, the Judge's sacred superstition of severe punishment for crimes, and has adopted in its place reasonable treatment for criminals.

By all odds the best chapters in Judge Kavanagh's book are those (XIII-XV) dealing with legal technicalities as a method of evading conviction. These alone justify the book, make interesting reading for anyone concerned with criminology, and constitute the best popular presentation of the subject known to the reviewer. Yet the Judge places the responsibility quite erroneously. The scandalous situation he describes is not due to the perversity and mercenary prostitution of criminal lawyers; it is the product of the burlesque of conventional court procedure and the jury trial. In a situation where no party is directly concerned with getting at facts, where the judge is mainly occupied with maintaining the archaic and fictitious honor of the court, where the prosecuting attorney desires a conviction, and where counsel for defense is angling for an acquittal, it is but natural that the attorneys will seize upon every device and pretext available to win their case. The exploitation of technicalities by defense attorneys is the logical and inevitable response to the savagery and unscrupulousness of the state's attorney and, under the circumstances, wholly justifiable. The only way out is the substitution of an examination of accused criminals by a permanent board of paid experts interested in the facts, with the element of prosecution and defense entirely ruled out of the procedure. Judge Kavanagh's criticism of the present scandals in connection with the insanity defense is at times telling, and he admits the ridiculous nature of submitting the decision to an untrained jury. Commenting on the Scott Case he says:

> Three doctors, hired by Scott, swore that Scott was still insane. Three, provided by the state, testified that he was not insane. Jurors, who knew as much about mental diseases as they did about the interior decorations of heaven, were to decide between the doctors, each of whom had spent his lifetime trying to learn about insanity.

The Judge has some humorous and vivid passages in which he bemoans the difficulty of convicting pretty female defendants, even those charged with the most hideous crimes. He quite correctly assigns this to the fact that, throughout the trial, the jurors have been committing adultery with the defendant in their minds. He illustrates this by citing the case of a devastating but atrocious murderess who was quickly acquitted. The foreman of the jury, after announcing the verdict, quickly walked to the side of the defendant, said assuringly, "You were never in danger, little girl, for one minute," and asked for her telephone number!

The Judge's strictures against attorneys, juries and witnesses would be more convincing if he did not reveal so completely his own complete lack of control over his emotions. Nowhere is this better exemplified than in his reference to the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Here we have a case where there was never an iota of evidence presented which would convince any reasonable and unprejudiced man that the accused were in any way connected with the crime (the reviewer has read the Lowell Report), in which the defendants presented impregnable alibis, and in which it was established beyond reasonable doubt as to who the actual murderers really were. As the result of his wide study of the case and his impartial pondering over the evidence, Judge Kavanagh informs us that

> the alibis of the defendants were pulled to pieces. The crime was as clearly proved against Sacco as if a photographer with his camera stood at the scene of the crime and took Sacco's picture while shooting.

We doubt if any "stuffed" and coached witness or any venal criminal lawyer who has ever appeared in court in the presence of Judge Kavanagh has done better than this! In short, Judge Kavanagh is unquestionably an honest and sincere man who has become enraged at the corruption, venality and evasions which he has observed in the administration of our criminal law, and he has struck out boldly against them, but his antecedents, prejudices and lack of acquaintance with the rudiments of scientific criminology have rendered his courageous flounderings in vain, and his work will do nothing if it does not increase the very abuses against which he so valiantly protests.

Mr. Brasol's book, the work of a learned Russian *émigré,* has been hailed in some quarters as the definitive and long-awaited systematization of the new criminology, but any such estimate is quite untenable. It is a very serviceable statement of the neo-classical position, and in no sense a synthesis of the contemporary psychiatric position in regard to crime and its treatment. The book is primarily legalistic, classificatory and artificial, in spite of no little attention to economic and social factors in the causation of crime and a chapter on mental diseases and crime. The author is characteristic of a type of Russian writer, notable for erudition, bibliographic detail and ingenious classifications, but less talented in the field of careful analytical reasoning and theoretical interpretation. We should also have rather more confidence in Mr. Barsol if we did not know that he was one of the leading prosecutors of Beilis, and, more than anyone else, responsible for the circulation of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion in the United States, notwithstanding the fact that he possessed advance knowledge that they were a palpable forgery. Yet we do not believe in allowing this unfortunate fact to stand in the way of conceding all possible merit in Mr. Brasol's manual on crime.

Mr. Brasol treats of the problem of crime under two main divisions: (1) the social factors involved in the causation of crime, and (2) the bio-psychic factors in crime, where he lays primary stress upon the individual aspects of crime. He is to be commended for his general position that there is no such thing as a "born criminal," and that, even in the case of defective and compulsive criminals, the social setting is deterministic as far as the specific incitement to crime is concerned. The weakest portion of the book is to be found in the author's analysis of the economic basis of crime, where his violent anti-Bolshevik prejudices make it impossible for him to judge calmly a doctrine which has been promulgated primarily by socialistically inclined writers. The reviewer agrees with Brasil's rejection of the thesis of the economic determination of criminality, but economic conditions certainly play a

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far greater part in producing the fluctuation of offenses than Brasol will concede. Brasol lays great stress upon the relation of the disintegration of the family to the increase of criminality, but he fails to recognize adequately that it has been the capitalistic revolution and the factory system which have done more to disrupt the contemporary family than all the free-love doctrines ever enunciated or all the pornographic literature ever circulated.

Particularly to be praised is Brasol's enlightened attitude towards psychiatry and his recognition that criminality must be analyzed in the light of mental defects and mental diseases which may play their part in producing a considerable proportion of criminality. Instead, however, of making this conception the core of his book, he tacks it on in a concluding chapter not integrated with the remainder of his book. It is this fact which, above all, makes his volume the best summary of the older methods and approach, rather than a systematic contribution to the contemporary psychiatric criminology. Further, in the light of the imperfect state of our general crime statistics and the multiplicity of disturbing factors involved, it is probable that we are going to accumulate the most illuminating and reliable information about the causation of crime through such case studies as those being made by Healy and others, and as a result of such procedure as the mental examination of convicts in Massachusetts, rather than by means of such highly generalized and indeterminate statistical surveys as those executed by Brasol and his authorities. It should be made clear that Brasol considers solely the causation of crime and makes no effort to go into the subject of the punishment or treatment of convicted criminals. In other words, the book is strictly criminology, and makes no pretension to dealing with the field of penology.

The contrast between the better type of the older class of manual and the true "new criminology" may be well discerned by a comparison of Brasol's book with that of the late Dr. Schlapp, frankly conceding at the outset that Brasol's work is a far more erudite and finished product. Dr. Schlapp calmly throws overboard all of the older rubrics of formal criminology and penology, holds that crime is a socio-medical problem, in which lawyers and judges have no vital function, regards crime as a problem of human behavior, and offers his views on human behavior as a key to the prevention and repression of crime.

From Dr. Schlapp's contention that crime is, like insanity, a problem with which social psychiatry or mental hygiene is alone fitted to wrestle, and that lawyers, judges, wardens and hangmen must be supplanted by doctors and social workers, no person whose literacy and enlightenment extends to the field of criminology will be likely to dissent. It is to be regretted, however, that one cannot render as whole-hearted assent to the details of Dr. Schlapp's analysis. His dogmatic exuberance for endocrinology exceeds Dr. Brill's loyalty to Freudian analysis and John Watson's confidence in behaviorism. To Schlapp, psychiatry is but the behavioristic applications of physiological chemistry, all behavior is a matter of chemistry, and crime, or abnormal behavior, is the product of chemical disturbances. This narrow and completely untenable conception of psychiatry enormously reduces the value of Dr. Schlapp's manual. In the first place, it makes it impossible for him to explain adequately a majority of the criminal compulsions which might arise from mental defect and mental disease. Even more, it renders his method impotent in the face of the large number of criminals, at least half of the criminal class, who are neither mentally defective nor psychopathetic, but are the victims of anti-social habits generated by bad social environment and vicious surroundings. Not only is Dr. Schlapp's approach defective with respect to explaining criminal conduct; it is equally and inevitably inadequate to suggest a complete program for the treatment of criminals. His general suggestions are laudable: namely, the installation of physicians to treat the diseased, but he neglects to provide for the social reëducation of the criminals who are the products of delinquent habits.

It is unfortunate that the first avowed and consistent American contribution to the new criminology should have been so needlessly weakened by a narrow and dogmatic position in regard to psychiatry. The new criminology would inevitably be attacked by the conventional foes of anything which does not partake of the ancient barbarisms; Dr. Schlapp's book renders the movement towards a civilized criminology liable in addition to a specious assault upon the ground of the apparent, though not real, limitations of the psychiatric method. Had he possessed the breadth of vision manifested in Dr. M. H. Smith's "Psychology of the Criminal," his book would have been invincible. In any event, he has marked out the general path along which the newer criminology must proceed, and his work will be regarded as a landmark in the history of the literature of criminology.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

The Tower

The Tower, by W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. 110 pages. $2.25.

IN NO age except our own have all serious poets been so consistently occupied with one problem; in no other age has a single problem been so steadily forced upon them. The cause is fairly obvious. Science, and particularly anthropological science, has taken away from man the sense of order, of external arrangement in the world, which for centuries had been his defense against a Nature otherwise heartlessly impartial. She has stripped him of his armor, and, as a result, though he may feel that

> there's more enterprise
> In walking naked,

the thoughtful individual realizes that such a condition, since it leaves him without an authority to substantiate his reactions to the world, comes dangerously near to ending in despair. To the poet this situation is particularly acute. For the poet expresses his emotions best when he can feel them, not only as his own, but as part of a generally accepted system: the way the Elizabethans felt about death is an example. He must be aware, that is, not only that other people feel the same way he does, but that they regard their feelings in the same light; according to the same hierarchy of values. The advantage of an external order, such as that embodied in "The Divine Comedy," is that it gives the poet this necessary sense of emotional values. The chief difficulty facing the modern poet is not so much that he has lost what Mr. I. A. Richards calls "the magical view of the universe," but that he no longer shares a common background which can give him an ordered emotional symbolism. He has to make his system for himself, as Blake did, or he has to get along with no system at all. And since the latter is the obvious path for

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him to take, practically the only sense which modern poetry as a whole communicates is a sense of futility.

No one has been more aware of the contemporary problem than Mr. Yeats; the question of an external order, and the individual's relation to it, has been his constant preoccupation. In his earliest poems he sought "some symbolic language reaching far back into the past and associated with familiar names and conspicuous hills that I might not be alone amid the obscure impressions of the senses"; and in the poems of his second period he strove to express "those simple emotions which resemble the more, the more powerful they are, everybody's emotion . . . I was soon to write many poems where an always personal emotion was woven into a general pattern of myth and symbol."

But a reference to Irish legend or the mere expression of emotion, no matter how universal it may be, was, to Mr. Yeats, not enough. Description and analysis must be followed by synthesis, and for the past ten or fifteen years, the construction of such a synthesis, in a form outside of poetry, has been Mr. Yeats' chief concern. He has worked out an elaborate scheme, which explains, on the authority of medieval magic, spiritism, and personal revelation, the relationship between the elements of the individual life, between different lives, and between the individual and his age. An account of this system was privately printed in 1925 under the title, "A Vision."

This is not the place to discuss the validity of Mr. Yeats' philosophy; what we are concerned with is its effect on his poetry. And for a time it seemed unfortunate. Such poems as "The Phases of the Moon," and "Ego Dominus Tuus," written some eight years ago, though they are by no means without fine lines, are jerky and uneven; they are too didactic to be musical; they do not represent the proper marriage between thought and emotion.

One awaited, therefore, Mr. Yeats' next volume of verse with considerable interest, and one was prepared to attack it with several questions. Would the philosophy be sufficiently absorbed not to override the emotion? Would the escapist element, now that a philosophic symbolism had been substituted for a nationalistic one, still be too predominant? Would the personal feeling be so related to the external order that they would be fused into a single whole?

And now that "The Tower" has appeared, one may answer all these questions to Mr. Yeats' advantage. It is true that there are some reservations, and these will appear in a moment, but, on the whole, the poems in this book are among the finest Mr. Yeats has written. They are, in a sense, less dependent on "A Vision" than their immediate predecessors; they are not, that is, expository. The philosophy is used as a mine for symbols, instead of itself being the subject-matter of the poems; this is, of course, the way in which poetry should always make use of philosophy. And it is symbolism employed in this fashion which gives to Mr. Yeats' poems a quality peculiar to them alone. They have, in the first place, an air of authority obtained by their reference to a system outside themselves, and, in the second place, they have a richness of tone which makes them echo and reëcho in the mind.

But the use of a symbolism drawn from personal philosophy implies a considerable danger. The symbols may be too private, they may fail to communicate the emotion they represent. And if this is the case, then the construction of the philosophy will have, for poetry, little immediate significance, and the poet will have to wait, like Blake, a century or so before he is understood. Such, however, it is safe to remark, will not be the fate of Mr. Yeats. His symbols are, as a rule, sufficiently related to the common cultured memory so that they awaken a response in the intelligent reader. Where the danger comes is in the assignation to certain symbols of a greater emotional value than they would have for anyone unacquainted with Mr. Yeats' own system. The subject of the poem called "Sailing to Byzantium," for instance, is the determination of the poet, now he has become old, to leave sensuous things, and turn to the things of the spirit.

> And therefore I have sailed the seas and come
> To the holy city of Byzantium.

This is perfectly satisfactory, for one is willing to accept the use of Byzantium as a symbol for age and wisdom, especially when it is qualified by what follows:

> O sages standing in God's holy fire
> As in the gold mosaic of a wall,
> Come from the holy fire, perne in a gyre,
> And be the singing masters of my soul.
> Consume my heart away; sick with desire
> And fastened to a dying animal
> It knows not what it is; and gather me
> Into the artifice of eternity.

This is admirable writing, and the only snag is the reference to Mr. Yeats' system in the words, "perne in a gyre." But when, as the climax of the poem, the poet tells us that once "out of nature," he will only take his bodily form from

> Such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make
> Of hammered gold and gold enamelling
> To keep a drowsy emperor awake,

one feels, without a knowledge of Mr. Yeats' sense of values, that this is a trivial ambition, unworthy of the strong feeling that has preceded it, and it is only when one turns to page 191 of "A Vision" and finds that the craftsmanship of sixth-century Byzantium has for Mr. Yeats a special significance, that one can feel the poem as it was meant to be felt.

Privacies like this are the chief fault of this book. They are largely responsible for a sensation of trailing off, of inconclusiveness, that the reader is not infrequently aware of. Just as, in Mr. Yeats' prose, one feels that thought and emotion are not clearly enough distinguished, so here one sometimes gets an impression of mistiness, of a mind clad too obviously in flesh, that prevents successful communication.

But such blemishes are outweighed by the positive achievement which this book represents. There is no one living to whom poetry is more important than to Mr. Yeats, there is hardly anyone more important to poetry. He has made of poetry a method of life, and he has kept his art steadily alive by adapting it to the changing circumstances of his thought. This book is different from its predecessors, not only because it is concerned with different emotions, and because its style is in many ways different from Mr. Yeats' previous style, but also because it gets closer to reality; it is more centripetal. Even if the symbolism is on occasion remote, the emotions, particularly those connected with old age, are more convincing than they ever have been, and many of these poems—"The Tower," "Nineteen Nineteen," "Among School Children"—will remain a permanent part of English poetry.

THEODORE SPENCER.

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The Last of the Forsytes

Swan Song, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

INTO the general characteristics, and obvious virtues, of Mr. Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga" it is perhaps not necessary, at this date, to go. The book has been accepted as a "social satire of epic proportions"; as a "masterpiece of knowledge and insight"; as a "compendium of the Victorian epoch"; as a "masterpiece of form"; and as being "written with a flow and music that is found only in the work of the masters of prose." Certainly, this enormous and painstaking survey of a whole half-century of English life, the life of the propertied classes, has earned its right to a very definite place in English literature: like the Barchester series of Anthony Trollope, its sheer weight as a social document alone is almost enough to guarantee its permanence. What Trollope did for the "county family" in England in the early and middle parts of the nineteenth century—taking up the theme about a generation after the point at which Jane Austen dropped it—Mr. Galsworthy has set out to do for the second half of the century, and the early years of the next. The three authors provide us, indeed, with an almost perfect *continuum*. Not only do they deal with the same scene and with the same kinds of people: they also share a common method. It is the "wholeness" of the social picture that interests them, and all three of them go about the presentation of this picture with something of the unexaggerative detachment of the sociologist. Allowing for individual differences —for the shrewder wit of Jane Austen, the generous urbanity of Trollope, the more inquisitive intellectualism of Mr. Galsworthy, and also his keener interest in the purely *dramatic* element in the architecture of fiction—the three authors are very obviously congeners.

Nevertheless, if Mr. Galsworthy resembles his two predecessors in his comprehensiveness and in his predilection for a level and cumulative realism, he has also his striking differences. He is not as "pure" a literary phenomenon as either of the others: his talent is not, like Jane Austen's or Trollope's, a single and immediately recognizable thing, but rather a kind of synthesis, whether we regard it from the point of view of style or the point of view of method. We can, and should, grant immediately his greater intellectual grasp: he assumes for his purpose a far more complex scene, and this more complex scene he handles with admirable control. Nothing is left out, everything is adequately seen and rendered. If we take the picture as a whole, we can say that it is true and rich, and that in assembling so much material on one canvas he has achieved a remarkable feat of design.

It is when we look at the thing in detail that we begin, perhaps, to be here and there a little disquieted and to feel that for all its energy his talent is not quite so fine or deep, nor so individual, as that of either of his literary forbears. Writing the other day of Tolstoy, Mr. Galsworthy observed: "His style, in the narrow sense, is by no means remarkable. All his work bears the impress of a mind more concerned with the thing said than with the way to say it. But if one may add to interminable definitions: 'Style is the power in a writer to remove all barriers between himself and his reader—the triumph of style is the creation of intimacy,' then, though such a definition will put many out of court, it will leave Tolstoy a stylist; for no author, in his story-telling, produces a more intimate feeling of actual life." That is interesting, for it suggests that Mr. Galsworthy has himself, in some degree, aimed at a style of this sort, or at all events, finding himself so inclined, he has decided to make the best of it. Mr. Galsworthy, too, is more interested in the thing said than in the manner of the saying: and if, for the most part, he succeeds in producing an effect of immediacy or actuality, by being—shall we say—rather informal in his literary manners, it must be added to this that he is often downright careless. One cannot, in fact, agree with that critic, quoted above, that he writes "with a flow and music that is found only in the masters of prose." Mr. Galsworthy's prose is an adequate prose, but it is not a distinguished one. It is frequently awkward, frequently monotonous, to the point of becoming actively and obtrusively *not* a good medium for the thing said. And again, Mr. Galsworthy has always been somewhat disposed to purple passages. There are, in other words, times when he wants something a little better than his "mere medium" for the thing said; he desires to be poetic; an emotional scene or atmosphere is to be conveyed, and accordingly he attempts a prose more charged and ornate. These attempts are almost invariably failures: Mr. Galsworthy's taste fails him. What one usually feels on these occasions is that he is simply unable to express feelings delicately; and that is, perhaps, a definition of sentimentality.

One feels, therefore, that when one accepts, as one does, Mr. Galsworthy's place in English fiction, one does so with very definite reserves as to the quality of his style. And even the "wholeness" of his picture, which is his major virtue, is not without grave faults. If he gives us admirable scenes, sharp, quick, and living, and admirable portraits, like that of Soames Forsyte, or Irene Herron, or old Jolyon, he also gives us a good many scenes which we do not believe in for a minute, and more than a handful of portraits which do not belong at all in any such gallery as this, but rather in the category of the Jonsonian or Dickensian "humour." Swithin, and the Aunts Hester and Euphemia, and such minor personages as the detective, are the flimsiest of caricatures, and are quite unmistakably out of key. In these instances, and in others, Mr. Galsworthy's taste has gone wrong; his tact has betrayed him; his perceptions have not been sufficiently deep. The result is always an immediate and fatal destruction of the unity of tone.

There are times, moreover, when even his handling of the "good" characters seems to be at fault: times when it seems as if he were not entirely to be trusted as a psychologist. Now and then this is due to his desire for a strong dramatic scene—as when he despatches Bosinney under the wheels of a horse-omnibus, in a fog, with George close behind him. This, like his repeated use of coincidence, violates one's sense of the actual, and gives one the feeling that one has strayed out of the world of Trollope or Tolstoy and into the world of Wilkie Collins. And one begins to entertain a disquieting suspicion. Is it possible that Mr. Galsworthy has a kind of psychological blind-spot? Is it a perhaps tenable view that the sense of the actual he gives us is largely due to his patient accumulation of *little* scenes and actions and conversations, but that in the more important business of psychological dynamics—the business of creating characters which will function powerfully and inevitably out of their unmanageable integrities —he is sometimes helpless? One has the feeling, occasionally, that he is describing his characters rather than letting them live; that when they face a crisis, he solves it for them *intellectually:* and that again and again he fails to sound the real truth in the situations which he himself has

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evoked. Soames Forsyte, for example, is a real person, on the whole admirably drawn. But could Soames, granted the sensitiveness with which we see him to be endowed, possibly have lived four years with Irene in so total a blindness as to the real state of things between them? Here was a situation which could have been magnificent. A real "realism" would have luxuriated in the minute-by-minute analysis of this profound disaccord. But Mr. Galsworthy never comes to grips with it.

Something of this failure to get inside his characters shows again in "Swan Song," the coda to the Forsyte Saga. In this charming but rather slight book, we are given the culmination of the interrupted affair of Fleur and Jon, and the death of Soames. The whole story moves toward, and is focused on, the eventual love-scene between Jon and Fleur: we look forward to it from the very beginning: but when it comes, it is quite lamentably inadequate; it is as if the author had gone into a complete psychological funk about it, and had simply not *known* how two such people would have behaved on such an occasion. This scene needed to be the realest and richest and most moving in the book; and given the sufficient actuality of the two people, it could easily have been so. Mr. Galsworthy's failure to give us here anything but a stagey little scene of rhetorical melodrama suggests anew that his gravest fault is his habit of *thinking* his way, by sheer intelligence, into situations which he has not sufficient psychological insight to *feel*.

CONRAD AIKEN.

The Religion of Today

The Religion of Jesus, by Walter E. Bundy. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 361 pages. $3.50.

Religio Militis, by Austin Hopkinson, M. P. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 195 pages. $2.50.

Religion without Revelation, by Julian Huxley. New York: Harper and Brothers. 392 pages. $2.50.

Current Christian Thinking, by Gerald B. Smith. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 209 pages. $2.

Beliefs That Matter, by William Adams Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 333 pages. $2.75.

BUNDY'S "Religion of Jesus" is the best book on the subject. It does not discuss the religion which has made Jesus its object, but describes with competent knowledge of gospel criticism the psychology of Jesus as revealed in Synoptic story. Attempts to give character sketches of Jesus are legion, most of them hopelessly inadequate for lack of historical research or sweetened to sentimental mush by religious emotion. Bundy is reverent, critical, sane.

Austin Hopkinson is a cultured Englishman who, when this book was conceived, was fighting in Flanders, a private of dragoons facing death in the trenches at Ypres and finding strength to meet the horrors of modern warfare in the "Religion of a Soldier." This religion acknowledges indebtedness not to Christianity alone, but to Mithraism also, the religion of the Roman legionaries, one of the redemptive cults which influenced the beginning of Christianity. The author is not a clergyman, nor a professional writer, but an active and successful business man, more interested now in the struggle for a better social order than in pecuniary success. "Religio Militis" bares the very soul of a wrestler for truth against the mystery of duty and destiny. One who would know the mind of today in life's most searching hours will find it a book hard to lay down, not merely because the author thinks definitely and writes cogently and well, but because "every word that he speaks has been fierily furnaced in the blast of a soul that has struggled in earnest."

Another struggler for religious truth, not contemptuous of received faiths, but determined to think out the problems of religion for himself, is Julian S. Huxley, a grandson of Thomas H. Huxley and great-grandson of Thomas Arnold of Rugby, now Professor of Zoölogy at King's College, London. His book, one of the series "What I believe," discusses with the competency to be expected from such an inheritance the conflict between religion and science, comparative religions, and religion in relation to the modern world. Among its best elements is the autobiographic Chapter IV, entitled "Personalia." "Religion without Revelation" by its very title stands in flat contradiction with "Religio Militis," whose author writes: "Before all things we recognize that there can be no meaning or purpose in our existence unless some revelation reach us *ab extra*." Yet each is fully representative of the post-war generation in its dissatisfaction with the conventional thinking of the past and its defiance of dogma. One could hardly ask better examples of the revolt of science and the revolt of practical living against ordinary apologetic, even when represented as favorably as in the two books which appear contemporaneously, Rogers' "The Case for Christianity" and Snowden's "Old Faith and New Knowledge."

"Current Christian Thinking" is just what its title implies, a clear and succinct account of the religious tendencies of the times, which the author traces to their beginnings in the building up of ecclesiasticism in medieval times on the basis of dogmatic authority. Romanism and Biblicism are alike in their endeavor to suppress dissent by the imposition of penalties upon unauthorized teaching. Protestant Fundamentalism, for lack of close-serried ecclesiastical discipline, suffers most from the incoming flood of Modernism. The future lies with "Evangelical Christianity," by which is not meant a particular sum of doctrine, but a personal devotion to the universally acknowledged purposes of Jesus. Professor Smith contributes a very serviceable volume to the "Handbooks of Ethics and Religion" published by the University of Chicago.

"Beliefs That Matter" is a plain statement of what the author believes "may be a practicable faith for the men and women of today." The beliefs in question concern ourselves and the world we live in, Jesus, God, the Church, the Bible, the Sacrament and Immortality. They are the faiths of orthodox Christianity restated in such form as should most commend them to thoughtful and well informed readers of today. Of the competence of Professor William Adams Brown to make such a restatement there can be no question. Of the need for such restatement there is only too abundant evidence, none contributing more than those who most vehemently deny it. Not one of the eleven volumes we have passed under consideration but exhibits in various form and measure how far the present generation is from finding in its inherited faiths an adequate response to the demands of the human instinct for religion. Of all the many and able treatises of the author of "Christian Theology in Outline" none are perhaps better fitted than the present to tell in plain, untechnical language what an open-minded, thoughtful, progressive Christian theologian holds as the essential doctrines of the faith. Professor Brown gives more than a mere history of doctrine, more than compromising apologetic. He explains. He tells why the faiths he holds have won the loyalty of his heart and mind.

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